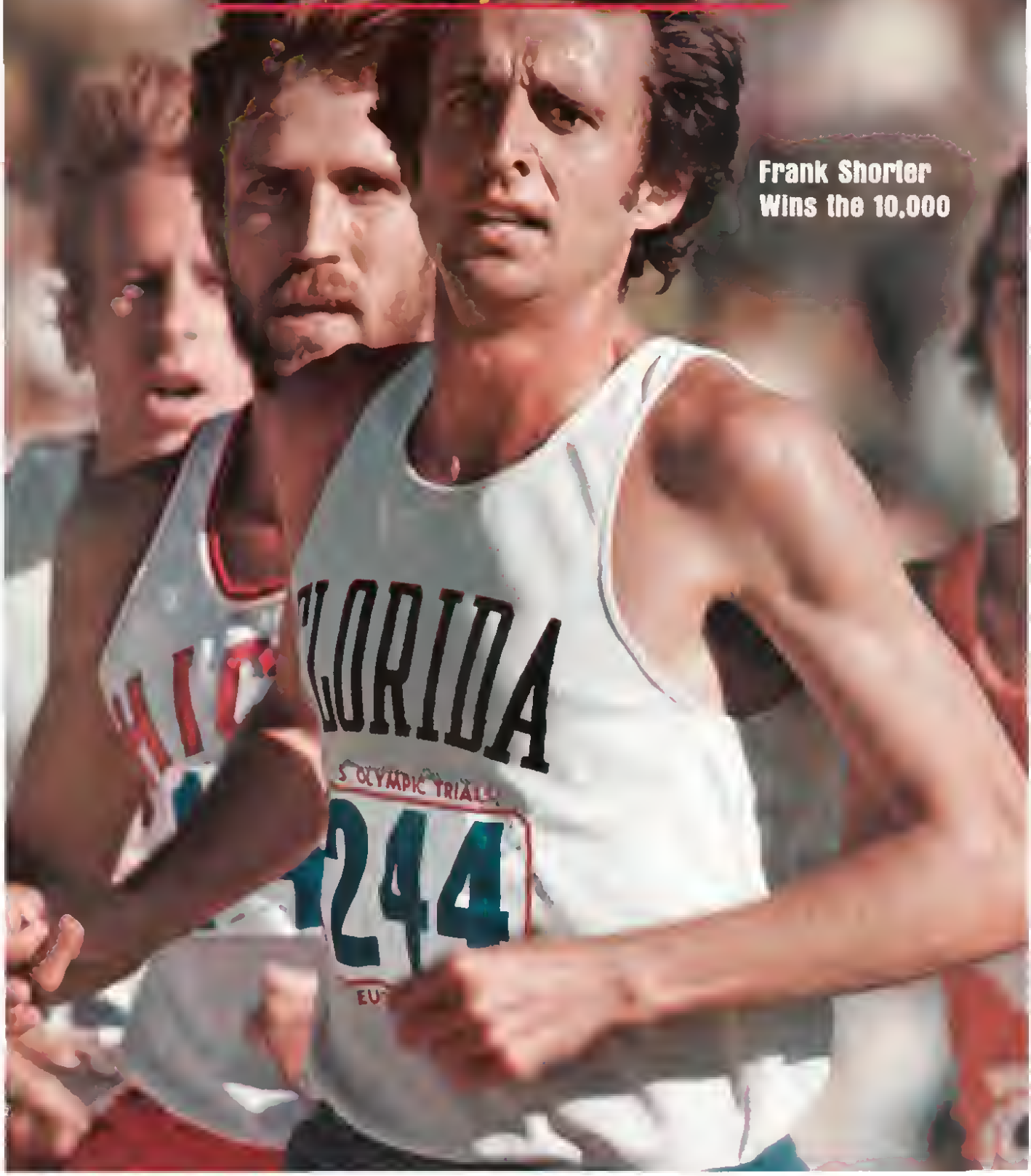
Sports Illustrated
JULY 5, 1976 ONE DOLLAR

NEXT STOP, MONTREAL



Frank Shorter Wins the 10,000

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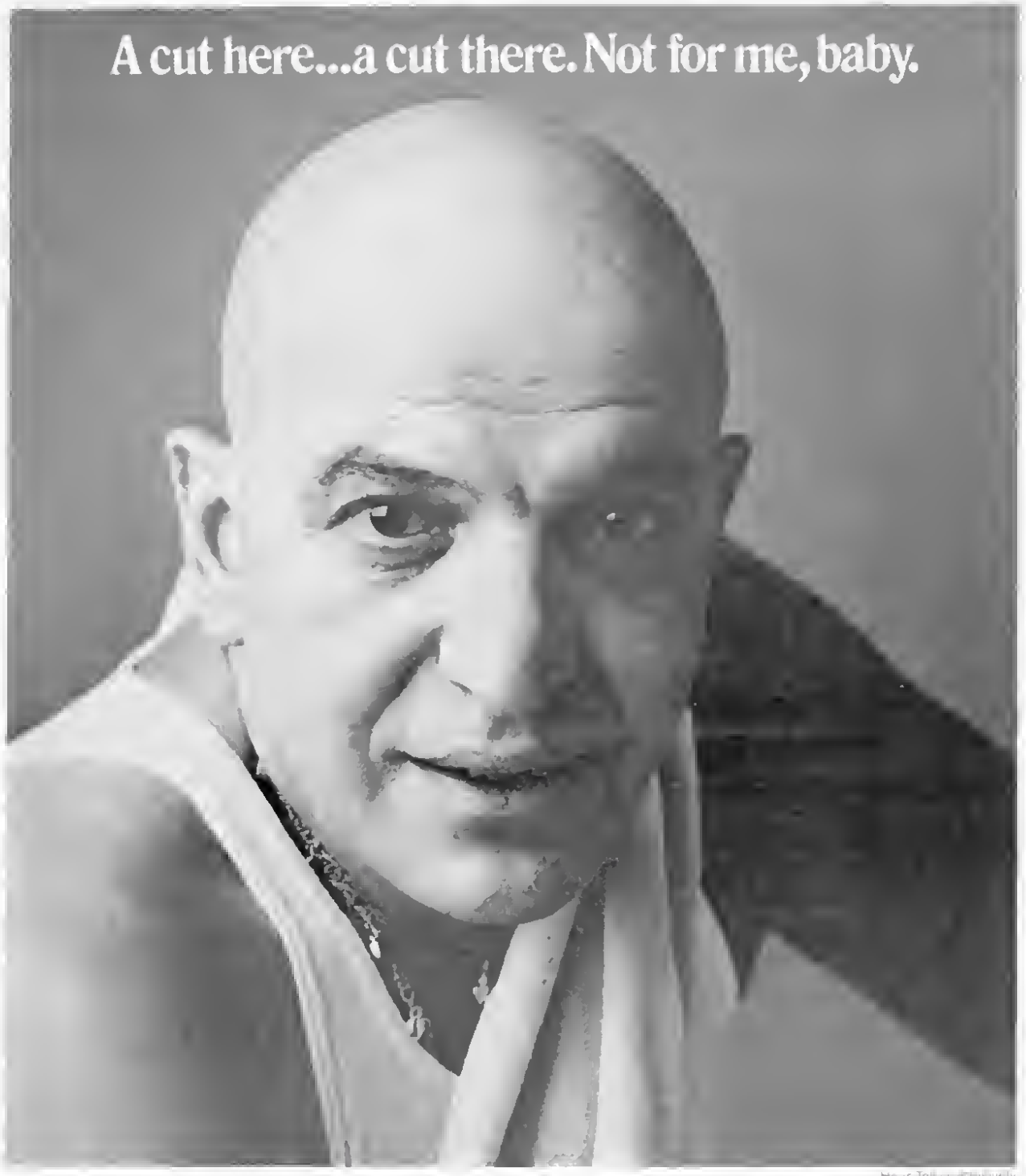

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The 10 top selling cigarettes

	tar mg / cigarette	nicotine mg / cigarette
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Brand C Non-Filter	24	1.5
Brand W	19	1.3
Brand S Menthol	19	1.3
Brand S Menthol 100	19	1.2
Brand W 100	18	1.2
Brand M	18	1.1
Brand K Menthol	17	1.3
Brand M Box	17	1.0
Brand K	16	1.0

Other cigarettes that call themselves low in "tar"

	tar mg / cigarette	nicotine mg / cigarette
Brand D	15	1.0
Brand P Box	14	0.8
Brand D Menthol	14	1.0
Brand M Lights	13	0.8
Brand W Lights	13	0.9
Brand K Milds Menthol	13	0.8
Brand T Menthol	11	0.7
Brand T	11	0.6
Brand V Menthol	11	0.8
Brand V	11	0.7
Carlton Filter	***2**	***0.2**
Carlton Menthol	***2**	***0.2**
Carlton 70	***1**	***0.1**

(lowest of all brands)
*Av. per cigarette by FTC method

No wonder Carlton is the fastest growing of the top 25 brands.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Carlton Filter and Menthol: 2 mg. "tar", 0.2 mg. nicotine.
Carlton 70's: 1 mg. "tar", 0.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

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ACHTUNG! The East Germans are threatening to parade off with some Olympic medals that used to belong to the U.S. and the U.S.S.R. Jerry Kirshenbaum examines this new sports dynasty.

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED is published weekly except one issue at year end by Time Inc. 541 N. Fairbanks Ct. Chicago IL 60611. principal office Rockefeller Ctr. NY, NY 10020. J. R. Shepley, President. E. P. Lenahan, Treasurer. C. G. Beer, Secretary. Second-class postage paid at Chicago, Ill. and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Dept., Ottawa, Canada and for payment of postage in cash. Subscription price in the U.S. $16.00 a year.

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LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

EX-RACER MOSES ISN T SLOWING DOWN

Staff writer Sam Moses, 28, whose inquiry into the wild and woolly sport of motorcycle hillclimbing begins on page 26, says he never wrote a line ("Not so much as a grocery list") until six years ago when he was stationed aboard the cruiser *St. Paul* in the South China Sea. Then, in letters to family and friends, he began writing vignettes of military life. When he was discharged two years and many vignettes later, Moses drifted through Europe, earning gas money by covering races for *Motor Cycle Weekly* and doing some racing himself. In 1971 Sam returned to the U.S. and enrolled in a journalism course at San Diego State. He recalls those classes as something of a drag. "They figured it took three months to learn how to write an obituary." So four months later, when *Motor Cycle Weekly* offered him a job as feature editor, Moses dropped out of school and became a full-time journalist. A year later he became managing editor of the California-based monthly *Cycle Guide*.

Moses' first free-lance assignment for SPORTS ILLUSTRATED came the following year, a profile of motorcycle champion Kenny Roberts. Shadowing Roberts at the Daytona 200 road race led Moses into an adventure that brought him to the attention of the accounting department as well as SI readers. As Moses tells it, he was sipping a beer after a hot afternoon of racing when he spotted a food wagon on the beach. He headed toward it. "Suddenly," he recalls, "I was spread-eagled alongside a patrol car by two Daytona cops, frisked and loaded onto a paddy wagon." It is *illegal* to drink beer on the "World's Most Famous Beach." Moses was released on $35 bail, an item he conscientiously entered under Miscellaneous Expenditures when he turned in his expense report for the trip.

Sam became a member of SI's staff nine months ago and the spirit of adventure is still with him. Recently, researching another motor sports story, he acted as co-driver for off-road racer Walker Evans in the Baja 500. Starting 53rd in a field of nearly 400, theirs was the third vehicle over the finish line and first in class. Weekends, Moses leaves his Manhattan apartment to claw his way up cliffs in New York's Shawangunk Mountains, a hobby he came upon as a result of his feature story on a 10-day Outward Bound course in which he had to take up rock-climbing to stay within interviewing distance of his subjects. Of course, Sam still finds time to occasionally ride his motorcycle. He sometimes takes along his mostly golden retriever as company, the dog riding in front of him as they boom down the roads around Sam's hometown of Hollidaysburg, Pa.

Moses has come a long way, most of it quickly, since that grocery list he says he never wrote. Perhaps former racer Mickey Thompson's self-description in a story Moses wrote some months ago might just as easily apply to the author. "I'm not like most of these other guys. . . . Their problem is how to go faster, my problem is how to get myself to slow down."

Jack Mayer

Sports Illustrated ®

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The newsweekly of business

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But Joan Burgasser's life isn't just a lot of chairs. She's seldom in one place long enough to sit down and though she is constantly traveling to Thonet's three manufacturing plants and four showrooms, she finds time for personal travel. It's a rare trip that doesn't end up with still another piece of malachite for her collection which is a point of interest when she entertains guests in the 1850 townhouse she restored.

Business people like Joan Burgasser have the same zest for personal pleasures as they have for their professional pursuits. A good job and a good life go together. Well-rewarded executives make up a market that cannot be duplicated. It's one of the reasons why consumer advertising in Business Week has helped to make it Number One in advertising pages among all magazines.

Business Week
The newsweekly of business

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SCORECARD

Edited by ROBERT W. CREAMER

LEGALIZED DECEPTION

An outspoken opponent of legalized gambling, particularly state-run lotteries, is Virgil W. Peterson, a former director of the Chicago Crime Commission. Peterson says most studies show that typical odds against a person winning a $20 prize in a state lottery are about 200 to 1; his chances of winning $500 are 83,333 to 1; and his chances of winning $1,000 are 166,687 to 1. Chances of winning larger amounts are astronomical.

Peterson thinks the 13 states that now have lotteries should openly declare the odds against winning, just as state and federal laws require businesses and manufacturers to disclose pertinent information about their products and services.

"It's a hell of a situation," Peterson says, "when a state on the one hand tries to protect customers by making legitimate businesses tell exactly what they're selling, and on the other hand engages in an operation whose whole purpose is to get people to throw away money on get-rich-quick schemes that will leave most of them poorer."

BATTLING YANKS

The New York Yankees are leading the American League East in the won-lost standings and are running a close second to Charlie Finley for the major league lead in arguments with everybody. There's Owner George Steinbrenner's continuing battle with Commissioner Bowie Kuhn, the Yankee part in the Kuhn-Finley tangle, the earlier on-field war with the Boston Red Sox, the dispute with New York City and Boxing Promoter Jerry Perenchio over whether the Foreman-Frazier fight was going to be held in Yankee Stadium (the ball club said no, and won that one).

Last week the Yankees took on Consolidated Edison, the local public-utility company, and the Metropolitan Opera, splitting the doubleheader. The Yankees had been giving Con Ed big blocks of tickets in sparsely used sections of the stands to give away to kids. It was probably no more than coincidence that it was not until this season, with attendance booming for the first time in years, that the Yankees noticed the Con Ed kids were behaving like rowdies. Not only were they using seats that conceivably could be sold, they were bothering patrons in other sections. That's it, the Yanks told Con Ed. No more freebies. Con Ed screamed (it is a powerful company and has a loud scream) and after some give-and-take—Con Ed promised to police its kids—the Yanks gave in.

But when the Metropolitan Opera showed up one Saturday night to put on a scheduled performance of *Madama Butterfly* while the Yankees were away, club officials were not as amenable. They said the weather prediction was for "rain for 36 consecutive hours." Looking at the opera's 11-truck convoy of equipment (including stage, music stands, instruments, portable dressing rooms, etc.) and deciding that rain *cum* opera would just about ruin the Stadium's lovely green grass, the Yankees regretfully turned the company away.

Didn't bother the opera people much. They kept driving north until they reached the open spaces of Van Cortlandt Park and let *Un bel dì* ring out there. But it was a victory for the Yankees. Give George Steinbrenner that.

ALL-AMERICAN BOY

John Lucas, the University of Maryland basketball star who was the No. 1 selection in the NBA draft, has made an impressive move toward changing the "greedy" image of the big-time professional athlete. Lucas, who signed a $1.9 million contract with the Houston Rockets, has put $25,000 into a John H. Lucas Sr. Scholarship Fund at Hillside High in Durham, N.C., his old school. The fund, which honors Lucas' father, the principal of Hillside High, will also receive a matching grant from the Rockets. The elder Lucas will decide who gets the scholarship each year, and the youngster can use it at any college he chooses.

"Unless he's 6'9"," says the younger Lucas. "Then he has to go to Maryland."

Lucas said he also plans to set up a scholarship at Maryland after discussing details with officials at the university. An exceptional athlete, Lucas has also signed a professional tennis contract with the Golden Gaters of World Team Tennis. Whether he is gifted enough in that sport to make it as a pro while also playing basketball is questionable, but his credentials are impressive. At Maryland, in addition to being a two-time All-America guard in basketball, he won the Atlantic Coast Conference men's tennis singles championship twice and the doubles championship once.

EYE GOT IT

Tennis is a terrific sport—if you don't get hit in the eye, say two tennis-playing ophthalmologists who have just published a report on tennis-related eye injuries in *The Journal of the American Medical Association*. A tennis ball traveling at 60 mph is capable of causing serious damage, and for that reason the ophthalmologists, Dr. Morton H. Seelenfreund and Dr. Dennis B. Freilich, say that tennis players ought to wear eye protectors or glasses with shock-resistant lenses.

"Anybody can get retinal damage if the eye is hit hard enough," comments Dr. Seelenfreund, who adds that beginning players or those who have not had sufficient instruction in the game are particularly susceptible to being hit. "Many people play close to the net or rush up to it without knowing how to hold the racket in order to protect themselves

continued

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Titleist. When playing your best is all that counts.

from a rapidly returning ball," he says.

As for himself, Dr. Seelenfreund says, candidly, "Since I've seen all these eye injuries, when I'm at the net I duck."

HAMMERED DOWN

Twenty years ago Harold Connolly upset the world's best hammer throwers to win the Olympic gold medal at Melbourne. He later set world records in the event. Since those glory years American fortunes have declined sadly. In 1975, for example, the Soviet Union alone had 45 hammer throwers with marks better than the U.S. best. The winner of the hammer throw at the U.S. Olympic Trials last week did 222′7″, well below the Olympic qualifying standard of 226′5″. As Connolly says, "When you think that I threw 230 feet in 1960 and 16 years later they can't throw it that far, then something is wrong."

What is wrong, says Connolly, is a lack of coaching. "Most hammer throwers don't have a coach," he says. "They don't know what to do. They're just stumbling around. They're working hard, but they're not doing the right things."

George Frenn, another former Olympian noted for his blunt opinions, says, "I heard that the guy named to coach the Olympic hammer throwers was in Saudi Arabia coaching until the middle of June. That's ridiculous."

Frenn says he wrote to Dr. Leroy Walker, head U.S. Olympic track coach, recommending that Bob Backus, another former star, be asked to help work with the hammer men but was turned down.

Connolly suggests that the five most promising U.S. hammer throwers be taken on a tour of Germany and the Soviet Union to learn up-to-date techniques and modern training methods, but that is a long-range program, designed to pay off in the future. Right now, one of the surest bets at Montreal is that the U.S. won't be anywhere around when they hand out medals in the hammer.

METRIC MARKDOWN

Jokes about the arrival of the metric system ("Baseball is a game of centimeters") are getting stale, and so is the practice of painting on outfield fences the precise distance in meters the fence is from home plate. No one paints "340 feet 11½ inches" on a fence, so why "103.63 meters" instead of "104"?

In motor sports, however, changing the figures from the English to the metric system may have a practical—which is to say, financial—value. "They've been trying to reduce the length of races because of the cost," explains Corky Connors, promoter of the Beltsville, Md. Speedway. "That's where the metric system can help. Take the Daytona 500. If they make that 500 kilometers instead of 500 miles, they'd have the same name—Daytona 500—and the excitement the name creates. But they'd also have a race that would be about half the distance, and that would cut costs in half."

WORK ETHIC

During the U.S. Open, while the demanding Atlanta Athletic Club course was being roundly criticized by some of the pro golfers and just as strongly defended by local people, a USGA official stood at the far left side of the 18th green early Sunday morning, pondering the placement of the pin for the last day's play. As he did, a couple of backwoods types who had been raking a bunker joined him on the putting surface.

"Put it in the lake," one of them advised.

"Make 'em work for it," said t'other.

"Aw," said the first. "What do you know about goff?"

"I know they make $40,000," the second man said, "and I say make 'em work for it."

OLD BATS

Some things are going well for the Detroit Tigers this year—for instance, that trade of Pitcher Mickey Lolich (3-9 with the New York Mets) for Outfielder Rusty Staub (.316 with Detroit and a likely American League All-Star)—but others not so well. The Tigers had one of those Bat Days recently at which kids 14 and under were given free bats. The club cautioned that it had only about 17,000 of them to give away, so come early. The kids showed up and were duly given their prizes—among them Nate Colbert bats, Jim Northrup bats, Gates Brown bats. Enthusiasm was restrained, with reason. Colbert, a bust with the Tigers, was sold a year ago. Northrup was traded two years ago. Brown retired at the end of last season.

The Tigers explained that they had been unable to order enough new bats in time and had to give away leftovers from past Bat Days. As it was, they did not even deplete the back stock, which did include some Al Kalines and Norm Cashes. Maybe, later in the season, they could dispose of those at another Bat Day, after throwing in a few Frank House or Charlie Maxwell bats to perk up interest.

GIVING HIS ALL

In another part of Detroit, things are better—period. The Pistons report that since the merger of the NBA and ABA, ticket sales for next season's games are soaring. Most dramatic evidence of this came one Friday afternoon when a man strode into the Pistons' office, tossed his Ford Motor Co. paycheck for $186.44 on the desk of Assistant General Manager Tom Abbott and said, "Give me all the tickets you can for Dr. J, George Gervin and George McGinnis."

NUMBER'S UP

Nelson Bunker Hunt, the Texan who owns millionairess Dahlia and at least 599 other thoroughbreds (SI, June 21), has been had. *Really* had. Hunt has been victimized by the racing rule which declares that a horse imported to this country must have the Roman numeral II placed after its name if another horse by the same name has raced in the U.S. before. In practice, many racing programs drop the Roman numeral and use the designation "2nd" instead. Hunt had the misfortune of importing such a horse from France at the end of last year. Abroad the horse won $22,637 in 1975 but in five 1976 starts at Santa Anita and Hollywood Park has failed to finish in the money. Obviously the horse knows his new name is the problem. It is now Numero Uno 2nd.

THEY SAID IT

- Carl Erskine, former Dodger pitcher, whose lifetime record was 122-78, speaking at an Oldtimers luncheon. "These Oldtimers games are great. They remind me of a scrapbook my mother kept when I was pitching in the big leagues. In that scrapbook my record was 122 wins and no losses."
- Tom Heinsohn, Boston Celtic coach, talking about the NBA playoffs: "They go on and on and on. It's like a guy telling a bad joke for 15 minutes."
- Ted Turner, Atlanta Braves new owner: "One of my goals in life was to be surrounded by unpretentious, rich young men. Then I bought the Braves and I was surrounded by 25 of them." **END**

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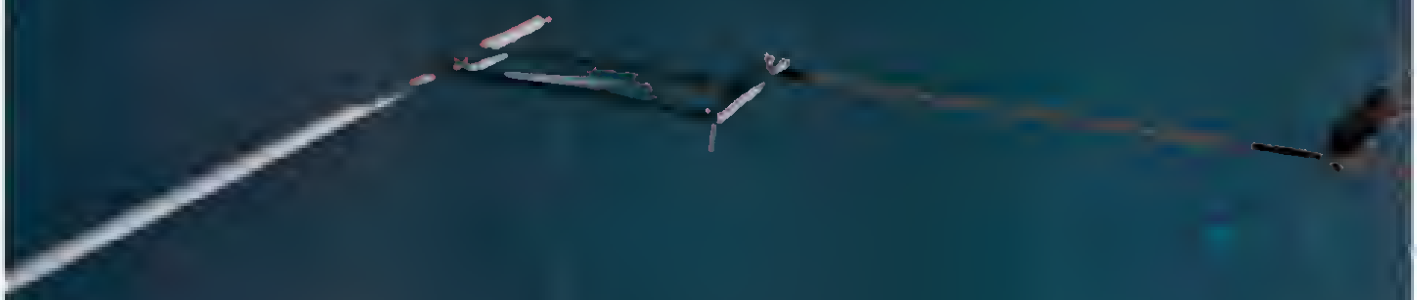


FLYING START TOWARD

For Steve Williams and Marty Liquori there were no medical miracles. Two world records were set. And five world-record holders failed to make the team. Three of the sprinters came out of high school, the first time ever. One of the 110-meter hurdlers ran on 33-year-old legs that had carried him to three previous Olympics, once to a gold medal, and while age had left the legs a tad weaker, in compensation it had made him a ton smarter. And so when the U.S. track and field Olympic Trials sighed to an end last Sunday evening in Eugene, Ore. the balance of hope for success in Montreal lay in the hands of relatively unknown young talent, with just enough of a peppering of veterans to keep the men's team from looking like the college all-stars.

continued

THE OLYMPICS

Led by Dave Roberts, who broke a vaulting pole and then the world record, a talented group of U.S. track and field athletes earned a two-week trip to Canada.

by PAT PUTNAM

Running on much the same timetable that will be used at Montreal, the Trials spanned nine days, beginning on June 19 with a Mack Sennett blunder in the 20-kilometer walk (which laughingly came up more than a kilometer short) and ending Sunday as Dick Buerkle won the 5,000-meter run, the event Liquori had been expected to dominate. But like Williams, the world's No. 1 sprinter when he has two sound legs, Liquori arrived in Eugene badly hobbled by an injured hamstring and never made it to the final.

Even without that world-class pair, the U.S. emerged with a strong if basically inexperienced squad, one that could easily surpass the 18-medal performance (six gold) by the men at Munich. Of the 63 who made the team, only 12 will carry Olympic experience to Canada. Still, that small segment of veterans includes Frank Shorter, the gold-medal winner in the 1972 marathon; long-jump gold medalist Randy Williams; George Woods, twice a silver medalist in the shotput; and the bronze medalist in the high jump, Dwight Stones, now the best in the world, although on Sunday he finished second to Bill Jankunis, who cleared 7′ 5¾″.

Shorter, already assured of a place on the team with his marathon victory in May, sped home easily in the 10,000 to set up a double assault on medals in Montreal. Rick Wohlhuter, the 880-yard world-record holder, will also run twice; he won the 800-meter as well as the 1,500 at Eugene.

The most extraordinary in a constant stream of extraordinary achievements came early last week. Using a borrowed vaulting pole, and with one hand still somewhat numb after he shattered his own pole, Dave Roberts regained the world record by soaring to 18′ 8¼″. It was the third straight time the pole vault record had been broken at the U.S. Olympic Trials. Ironically, both the borrowed pole and the old record of 18′ 7¼″ belonged to Earl Bell, who finished tied for second with Terry Porter.

Apparently unfazed by the consequence of his generosity, Bell observed, "It's the vaulter who breaks the record, not the pole. Besides, the minute the field was cut to just three men Dave became my teammate, and after that everything was just practice anyway."

"Would you lend your pole to a Pole at Montreal?" asked a San Francisco radio man.

"No," Bell said, "because he wouldn't be my teammate."

A University of Florida medical student who vaults as a hobby, Roberts said he thought he was out of the competition when his own pole broke. That happened on his first attempt to clear the record height. Jumping up, he asked an official if it would be all right for him to delay his three vaults until after Bell had his three tries at the record. He had already asked Bell if he could borrow his pole.

"Certainly," Bell had said.

"I wanted to be sure Bell had his attempts at the record first," Roberts explained. "Then if I broke his pole, too, it wouldn't matter. Actually when my pole broke I was lucky. I've known a lot of vaulters who break bones in their hands when a pole snaps. That was nice of him to let me use his pole, wasn't it?"

The other world record, one slightly bent because it was hand-timed, came in the decathlon. Having predicted a new record, Bruce Jenner came roaring out of third place on the second day—always his strongest—to win with a hybrid 8,507 points. The total was a mixture of hand-timed and electronically timed scores because some of the electronic equipment went out during two of the events. Then just for fun they totaled his hand-timed score, and that came to 8,538. Jenner's old hand-timed world record was 8,524.

At dinner the previous evening with his pretty stewardess wife Chrystie, Jenner noted he was only 141 points behind the leader, Fred Dixon, and as far as he was concerned, the decathlon was over. Most decathletes dread the second day. For Jenner, it brings all his best events, best of all the 1,500, and then he feels he can gain as much as 200 points on anyone in the world.

"It's the day with all the goodies," the handsome ex-water-skiing champion said. He finished third in the Trials in 1972 and was 10th at Munich. Since 1974 he has been the world's best.

"The decathlon is so challenging," he said. "I was playing basketball and football at Graceland College. Then I entered my first decathlon as a sophomore. After that I gave up all other sports. It just had everything I wanted. It was so challenging to see how far I could go."

"Bruce is so much better than the Six-Million Dollar Man," said Chrystie. "He's sort of like Superman. He can do anything."

For just a few days more than a year, Willie Davenport, winner of the 110-meter hurdles at Mexico City in 1968 when he was 25, had lived with the dread that he would be able to do nothing, that he had run in his last Olympics. Competing on the same track in the AAUs a year earlier, Davenport, the executive director of the Mayor's Council on Youth Opportunity in Baton Rouge, ruptured a tendon in his left knee. On the way to the hospital he kept asking, "How long am I going to be hurting? I want to go to the Olympics. I've got to go."

The next day they operated on the knee. Two days later blood clots appeared in both lungs.

"You can die from that," says Dr. Stan James, who performed the operation. "It certainly concerned us, but we were able to control the clots and there was no severe complication."

Dr. James told Davenport then that there was a good possibility he would never run again. "That was one year,

Wohlhuter proved he was twice qualified

three days and one hour ago," said Davenport minutes after finishing second to Charles Foster in the Trials' final. "I said then that I would be back. And I can only thank God that I am."

In the first heats of the hurdles the immediate future had looked equally bleak for Foster, who had come out of the recent AAU championships with a damaged hamstring. With the area protected by a felt pad sandwiched between tight elastic sleeves, the world-class hurdler had raced just hard enough to qualify for the next round. At any moment he expected the tendon to rip.

"It was a strange feeling," Foster said. "I came out to the West Coast knowing I was hot stuff, not worrying about anyone. Then all of a sudden I was worrying about everyone. I had to do a lot of fighting with myself."

In the final, the former North Carolina Central collegiate champion continued to run with the protective wrapping and said, "Let's get it on." For him, it would be Montreal or crutches.

"I had discovered during the semifinal the wrap was on too tight," Foster said. "That was about halfway through the race and a little too late. So I just kept going."

In the final he broke quickly into the lead, Davenport just behind with the pack. Still leading at the eighth hurdle, Foster knew all was well. Davenport, always strong at the end, and using the experience gained from three previous Olympics and years of international competition, flashed home just a tick behind, 13.44 to 13.52, with James Owens third in 13.57.

For Williams and Liquori, who came away from the AAU meet with damaged hamstrings also, the end was much more bitter. The only man ever to run four world-record 9.9s in the 100 meters, Williams sped just 90 meters before the tendon betrayed him. He managed to limp the last 10 meters to finish sixth, which advanced him to the second round, but that only delayed the inevitable. In his next race he was done after 30 meters, leaving two youngsters—Harvey Glance and Houston McTear—plus Steve Riddick in charge of the 100-meter expedition to Canada. A few days later, with the damaged leg still unsound, Williams withdrew from the 200, which was won by Millard Hampton, a 19-year-old from San Jose City College.

"I guess the Lord didn't want me to be an Olympic champion," Williams said softly. "Maybe He wants me to be a statesman. But I wish He'd hurry up and point it out. I'm trying to be realistic. I'll do a great job of tracking them all down when it's over. As soon as they cross the Olympic finish line, the next week they run I'm going to be there laying for them, and I'm going to make it obvious that somebody made a mistake."

To the end, Williams held out a slim hope that he still would be named to run the relays. And a petition was filed to have him placed on the team as a special case. The petition was voted down by the U.S. Olympic track and field committee; no relay berth was offered.

When Liquori arrived on Tuesday, three days before his first 5,000 heat, privately he was giving himself no better than a 20% chance of making the team. And even if he did, he reasoned, the effort probably would damage his hamstring so much more that it would end any chance of running in Montreal. Still, it is not Liquori's way not to try.

When he awoke the day of the race, Friday, a strong cold wind was blowing. "That kills it," he told his wife Carol. He hadn't had on a pair of spikes in two weeks. He told Carol he'd know the minute he stepped out on the track.

"I was sitting in the stands before the start of the race. He looked up at me and shook his head," Carol said. "I knew then it was hopeless."

Hardly 200 yards had been run when Liquori realized the leg was failing him. Still, he ran on, hoping the work would cause the tendon to loosen. On the backstretch of the fourth lap he almost fell. Grabbing the leg, he slowed, and nearly stopped. Then, limping badly, he continued. Carol left her seat and began working her way through the stands down toward the track. With the crowd urging him on, Liquori began to run more normally. But the pack was pulling away, first 10 yards, then 20, then 30.

"To hell with it," Liquori thought.

continued

The decathlon Trials proved what everyone knew from the start: Jenner is best at the tenner

"Either stop, or run as though everything is all right." With 1½ miles to go, he sped through one turn and then, grabbing his head with both hands, pulled up in fierce pain. For him, it was over.

Just a few days earlier Mac Wilkins, the world-record holder and an easy winner in the discus at the Trials, discussed his motivations. "For me," the 6′4″, 257-pound strongman said, "the Olympics won't be much different than any other meet. The best discus throwers in the world will be there, but I'll be competing against Mac Wilkins. It's like when I set the world record. I was pleasantly surprised, but I've never been after the world record. I'm after the Mac Wilkins record, to do the very best I feel I am capable of. That's what I work for, where the personal satisfaction, or dissatisfaction, lies. It seems much more appropriate to be successful on my own standards."

Arnie Robinson, the bronze medalist in 1972, said after winning the long jump Trial, "I want to be the first to jump 28 feet. That's what has kept me going the four years since Munich. Now it isn't so much winning a gold medal. A lot of people have won gold medals. That's no real big thing. But to be the first man ever to jump 28 feet. . . ." His voice trailed off. He looked away, perhaps remembering Bob Beamon's astonishing Mexico City jump of 29′2½″, and he smiled.

For others, Eugene also was the end of the line. Ralph Mann and Jim Bolding are gone from the 400-meter intermediate hurdles, replaced by kids like Edwin Moses and Quentin Wheeler and Mike Shine. Mann was a silver medalist in 1972, Bolding is the world-record holder at 440 yards and was third best in the world last year. "Some days you just run a bad race," said Mann. "Jim and I just picked the wrong day to do it. But if we had to lose, I'm glad it was to three good youngsters like these."

Gone, too, is Dan Ripley, the indoor pole-vault record holder, who failed to clear 17′ ¾″. And big Terry Albritton, world-record holder in the shotput, who finished behind Al Feuerbach, Woods and newcomer Peter Shmock. "I just hope that all three of them beat the Europeans," said Albritton. "I want that more than I wanted to make the team."

A lot of class came out at the Trials. And not all of it will be going on to Montreal. **END**

WOMEN'S TRIALS ENTER A NEW ERA

This is the greatest thing that has ever happened to American women's track," gasped Madeline Manning Jackson shortly after becoming the first U.S. woman to scrape under two minutes for 800 meters. She spoke not of her own performance, but of the Olympic Committee's decision to let the women run these Trials right next to the men, finally affording them the luxury of a decent track and a vociferous crowd.

The meet saw American records broken or threatened in nearly every event, yet such is the state of the art in this country that few American women have medal chances. Even Jackson's seem faint, because her 1:59.8 is far off the new world record of 1:56 by Russia's Valentina Gerasimova (indeed, it would have placed Jackson seventh in an East German tune-up meet). The strongest hope is javelin thrower Kathy Schmidt, who won by nearly 22 feet with 213′5″. She will go to Montreal favored to improve on her Munich bronze. Brenda Morehead, a shy Tennessee State sophomore, came within .04 second of the world record in the 100 meters with her 11.08, and won the 200 as well in a wind-aided 22.49. "She'll be competitive," said her gruff, fatherly coach, Ed Temple, who said the same thing about Wilma Rudolph and Wyomia Tyus. And an ingenuous North Carolina high-schooler, Kathy McMillan, equaled her American record with a wind-aided 22′3″ in the long jump, saying, "I just run and jump, and seem to get about a foot better every year." If she can squeeze a year's improvement into one month, she may beat the East Germans.

Another serious medal contender is Jane Frederick, who won the pentathlon (100-meter hurdles, shotput, high jump, long jump and 200 meters) by 205 points. The day afterward, she sat eating strawberries with Gale Fitzgerald and Marilyn King, the two women she had teamed with in Munich. All were exulting at having made it back on the 1976 team as well. "Munich really changed me," said Frederick. "We competed before the terror. We competed in the beauty of that Olympics." She is an imposing presence, nearly six feet tall and splendidly proportioned, with an expressive, open face that went far away as she spoke, thinking back. "Before Munich I knew I had potential but I hadn't understood how it was to compete, the pressure of an Olympics, the kind of mental tenacity you need. I knew I wanted that, to be good at it. I realized what was necessary, that I couldn't compromise in preparation."

So Frederick postponed her graduate studies, traveled to Italy for technique and weight training, then came home to train under Sam Adams, the noted multi-event coach from Santa Barbara. She has a fierce loyalty to the pentathlon as a meritorious entity: "In 1973 I was on the AAU tour of Europe and Africa and I felt like extra baggage—the feeling of the officials and a lot of the athletes was that the pentathlon was something you did if you couldn't make it in the individual events. I found it degrading. I decided the pentathlon would never be extra baggage again. And neither would I."

Her American record of 4,732 earlier this year saw to that, thrusting her into the medal picture in Montreal. An excellent hurdler (she won the AAU 100-meter hurdles in 13.29), she declined to try for the team in that event. "It is one way to make clear to those officials that I'm in this for the value of the total pentathlon," she said. "Besides, I can't imagine hurdling being so important that I would bump somebody off the team just

Schmidt reared back and threw her javelin

to do it. I might be bumping somebody young, who'd be as inspired by the Olympic experience as I was."

Jan Merrill was absent from these scenes. As is her habit, the intensely private 20-year-old from Waterford, Conn. distanced herself from her competitors, even in winning her semifinal of the 1,500 in 4:15.1, some 30 yards ahead of the field. Standing along the backstretch, taking her times for every 100 meters, was her coach, Norm Higgins, a slender, gray-haired man with a broken nose and hawkish eye.

"See how she is enjoying it?" he said as she passed for the final time. "That's all I ever tell her to do in a race. Just have fun."

In her training, however, it seems that Merrill sometimes leaves the fun behind. "Norm Higgins is a very hard, a very austere man," said Dr. Ken Foreman of Seattle Pacific, who coached the redoubtable Doris Brown. "Very few athletes could meet the demands he makes." Foreman, the U.S. women's Pan-American Games assistant coach last year, was shocked at the amount of high-intensity speed training Higgins used to prepare Merrill for Mexico City. "I simply couldn't believe the things she had to do on the track—like 50 100-meter intervals, and then a 3,000-meter trial." Yet Merrill won the Pan-Am 1,500 easily.

Francie Larrieu didn't arrive from Long Beach until the day before the 1,500 preliminaries, to remove herself as long as possible from the Trials' emotionally charged atmosphere—and so missed seeing husband Mark Lutz make the team in the 200. "But that's not pressure," she said, smiling after winning her heat. "That's incentive."

Larrieu, since 1969 the best U.S. woman miler, this year faced in Merrill her first serious challenge. She responded by signing up a new coach, Preston Davis of Long Beach State, once a 3:39.9 1,500-meter runner out of Texas. "Francie's American record of 4:08.5 is seven seconds off the world record," he said before Sunday's race, "so she has to improve that much to be competitive. Even then you don't know. So we're thinking sub-four. To reach that kind of peak you have to build a base of stamina that will allow you to carry your speed farther, and you have to be confident that you can do this very difficult thing. Specifically, I want her to be self-reliant when I'm not there."

As it happened, a lot of her self-reliance must have been shaken by Cyndy Poor of San Jose, who had already made the team behind Jackson in the 800. Following a solid pace set first by Cindy Bremser of the Wisconsin T.C. and then by Merrill, Poor was content to keep close while Larrieu shadowed Merrill. Off the last turn Larrieu, her head rolling, ran at Merrill but couldn't gain. Merrill, showing great power, began to pull away down the stretch, and things looked settled. But Poor opened up, sprinting to catch Merrill at the tape, with a new American record of 4:07.3. Larrieu finished third.

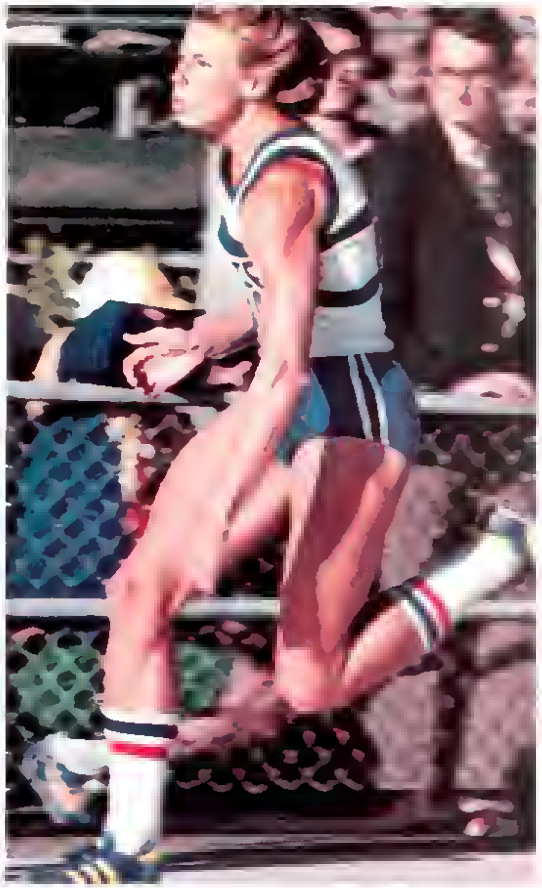
"I always felt like this was my strongest race," said Poor, clutching roses as children pulled her numbers from her uniform. "I was much calmer than when I was in the 800, but I tried not to be too lackadaisical. I don't know about Jan, but she's known Francie for years and you could see the pressure on her."

Merrill jogged a lap of the track with a tearfully happy face, while Higgins seemed pleased. "She showed excellent composure," he said, while Merrill, silent to the last, slipped off by herself.

Soon she and the rest of the U.S. team would be off to Plattsburgh, N.Y. to keep sharp while awaiting the start of the Olympics. Perhaps then she would have something to talk about.

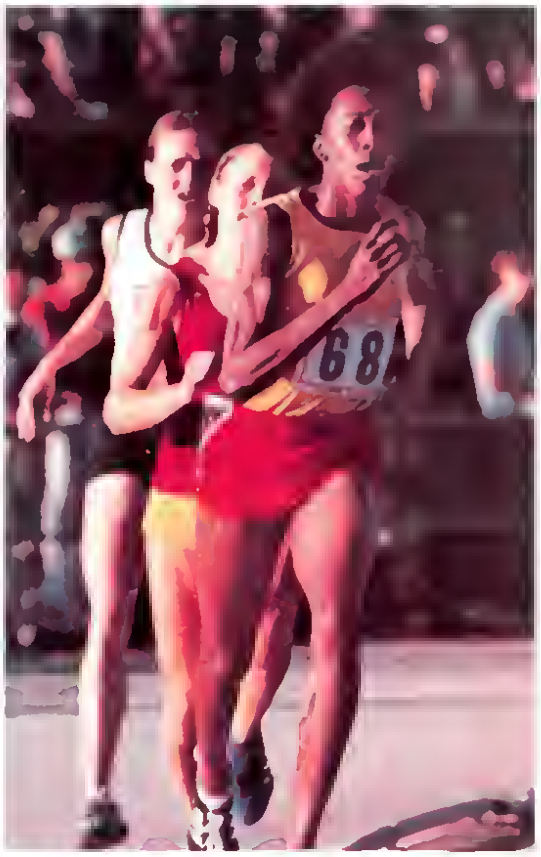
—KENNY MOORE

and when it fell she was an Olympian again.



Pentathlon victor Frederick churns home

Jackson's 800 reinforced her golden dreams.



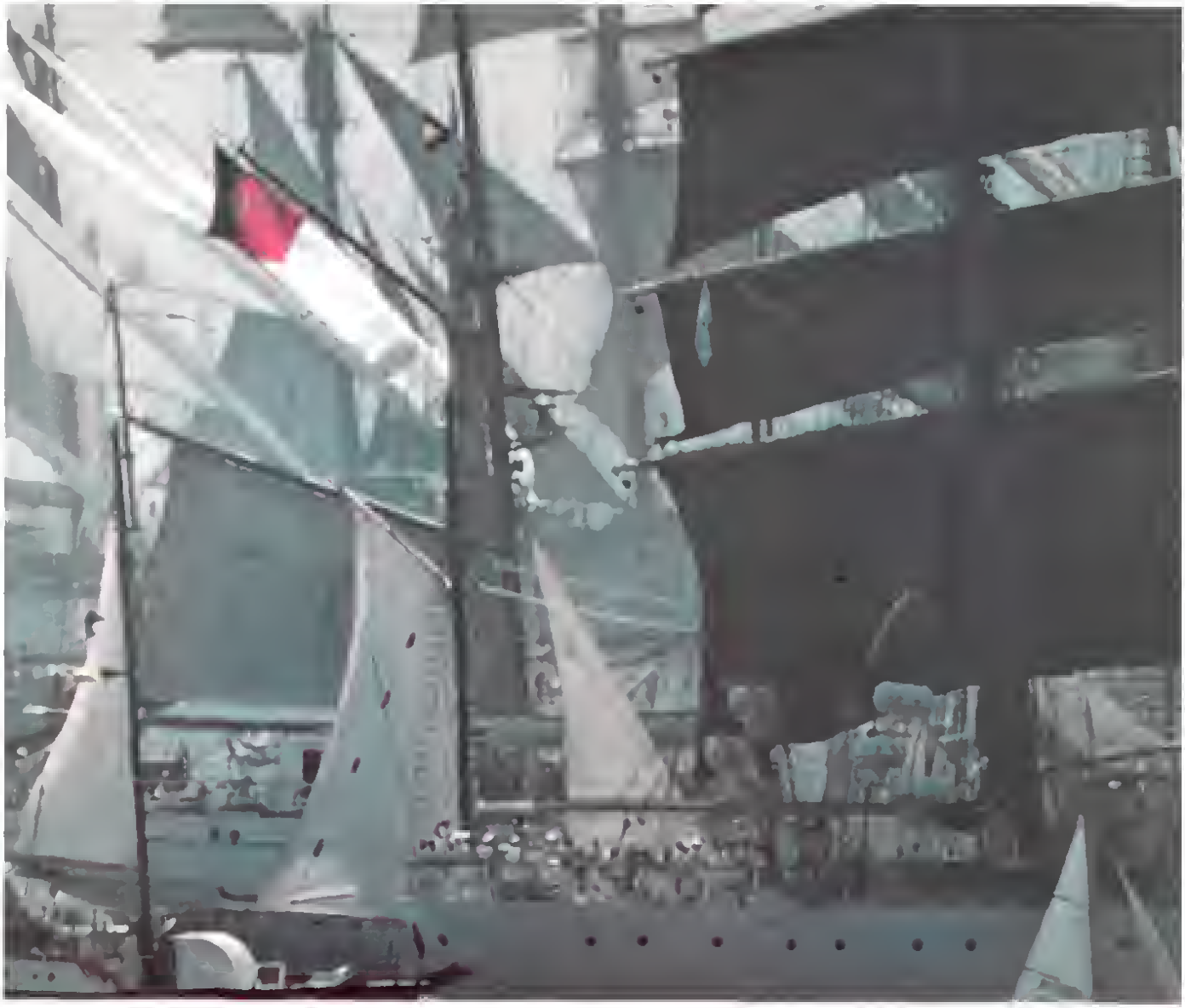
IT SHIVERED THEIR TIMBERS

The start of the tall ships race from Bermuda to Newport suddenly turned into a spectacular saltwater Donnybrook

Argentine's full-rigged ship Libertad (above) is one of the fleet's fastest, and Russia's four-masted barque Kruzenshtern (above right), is the largest: 378 feet, 3,185 tons, built 50 years ago. The crew of Italy's Amerigo Vespucci (right) performs a maneuver known as "dressing the yards."

The occasion was fraught with dignity and elegance. Of course. How else would the tall ships—those lovely old vessels with skyscraping masts and billowing acres of sail—approach the start of a race from Bermuda to Newport, R.I.? After all, the event had been conceived largely as a ceremonial, a pretty furbelow for the American Bicentennial. Eighteen tall ships from 14 nations moved majestically toward the line.

Then the starter's warning cannon boomed over Hamilton Harbor and, suddenly, what had been a serene 19th century parlor painting turned to glorious chaos. The skippers of these beautiful behemoths began sailing as if they were so many kids in so many dinghies. More than half the fleet bunched up at the windward end of the starting line. There, amid a washday mass of windblown sails and a seemingly impenetrable thicket of masts, the ships both great and small crossed bowsprits, tacked slow-motion through each other's courses, underwent innumerable harrowing near-collisions. Crewmen cursed. Spectators shrieked. The grand green-sailed *Libertad* of Argentina, all 345 feet of her, glided inexorably through the thickest of the fray,



just missing several competitors. Then she and the Spanish *Juan Sebastian de Elcano* came together in a bizarre, very gra-a-a-dual crash. *Elcano* lost 60 feet off the top of her 180-foot foremast and was forced to quit the race, sails tattered and rigging tangled and her skipper furious. *Libertad* had her mainsail ripped, her mizzen torn, but she went on. In the next exuberant minutes at least five other boats were also in collisions—three tall ships and two of the 70-plus smaller vessels also in the race.

By nightfall the melee was far behind and the fleet was stretched over miles of ocean. A day out, the wind died, the sea turned to a glassy calm, the race came to a dead stop. After four windless days, the race was declared over, the *Gorch Fock* of West Germany was named the winner (though a protest was filed) and the fleet headed for Newport under power. After a week there the tall ships would head toward another memorable scene: New York on the Fourth of July. They were to parade through the Harbor and up the Hudson River, and the incredible expectation was that five million people would watch the gallant beauties massed for probably the last time ever.

West Germany's Gorch Fock, a 295-foot barque, has 100 cadets as crew

THERE WAS A FIGHT IN MONACO

Carlos Monzon finally met—and mastered—Rodrigo Valdes and now reigns as undisputed middleweight champion **by RAY KENNEDY**

Rodolfo Sabatini, a former boxing writer for a Communist daily in Rome, paused one day last week to speculate about his latest adventure in free enterprise. "This one," he said of the fifth world championship fight that he was staging in Monte Carlo, that glittering citadel of Capitalism-by-the-Sea, "will be very special. Very close. Very artistic in a violent sort of way."

Though boxing promoters are not above trading prophecy for profit, there was no reason to doubt Signor Sabatini. Not even when he boasted that the match between Argentina's Carlos Monzon and Colombia's Rodrigo Valdes would be the richest and most historic middleweight bout ever held on the Continent.

By any measure the encounter between Monzon and Valdes was the rarest of events, a fistic spectacular that lived up to its billing. The *combat sensationnel* was perhaps best dramatized by *Le Figaro*, a Paris newspaper that foresaw the fight as a showdown between two legendary gunslingers. So it seemed, if only because Monzon in action bears a startling resemblance—high cheekbones, long spiky hair and a chilling, stoical gaze—to Charles Bronson, the perennial Hollywood hit man. And while Valdes practiced his scatter-gun attack, Monzon, whom Sabatini calls a "potential killer," was as selective as a sniper waiting to squeeze off his deadliest shot. When it came, rattling out of nowhere in the 14th round, it felled Valdes for a few reeling moments and ruined his bid to salvage the fight. The unanimous decision in Monzon's favor was that close.

Few of the ringsiders who paid 1,000 francs ($212) for a seat, a record high for a non-heavyweight bout, felt that a pair of heavy hitters like Monzon and Valdes would go the distance. In fact, both combatants predicted a knockout within 10 rounds. Monzon said, "I'm going to send Valdes back to Colombia looking like he was run over by a locomotive." Valdes, alluding to Carlos' budding career as a leading man in Argentine movies, promised, "I'm going to bash in his pretty actor's face." On second thought, Monzon replied, "I think I'm going to let Valdes last 15 rounds. That way I can watch him bleed slowly until the end."

So went the hype. As for comic relief, that was provided by a pair of rival governing bodies that periodically do their imitation of JoJo the Two-Headed Pig. In 1974 the World Boxing Council stripped Monzon of its version of the middleweight title for allegedly ignoring its dictates and subsequently crowned Valdes. That left Monzon the King of the World Boxing Association, Valdes

CONTINUED ON PAGE 20

Monzon (left) repeatedly stopped Valdes' free-swinging attack with his rapierlike left, but a right-hand knockdown was the fight's decisive blow.

...BUT ONLY A FARCE IN TOKYO

Ballyhooed by promoters as The War of the Worlds, the Ali-Inoki fiasco ultimately proved to be the bore of the ages

by MARK KRAM

The *tsuyu*—the rainy season that wraps around your head like a wet towel—hugged Tokyo last week, and when it did not rain the narrow, crowded streets were choked by a heavy mist, adding mystery to a week neck deep in the stuff. The Lockheed affair broadened its shadow and a pair of earthquakes rattled buildings, but all talk centered on what came to be known as The War of the Worlds, the latest in the kind of popcorn nonsense that was, on the surface, blood kin to Evel Knievel and his death cycle—the ego going amuck.

Why Muhammad Ali needs more attention from a world he says he owns is beyond a normal mind, but here he was last Saturday morning in Budokan Hall, up against a wrestler by the name of Kanji Antonio Inoki. Nobody knew what to make of it. Would it be a hoax? Could Ali get hurt? What would the final rules be? Was Inoki truly a man of the samurai tradition, a man who could stick his hand down the throat of a pig and pull out its heart?

Concerned much more with the form of things than with content, the Japanese, who have produced the half-million-ton tanker and the world's smallest television set and tape recorder, have now given us a sporting event that will go down as the dullest in history. Among other things, it was declared a draw. No, it was not a hoax, it was not prearranged in any way (indeed, a bit of neat choreography might have helped). But it was more like a tea ceremony, or watching a man getting a haircut, than a fight.

Inoki turned out to be a fraud of the first rank—not even a good illusionist, as some are in his trade. He was just an ordinary wrestler with a good pair of legs and a lot of money with which to accommodate his strange whims, one of which was to challenge Ali. For 15 rounds he moved around the ring on his back—like a crab with his belly up. For his part, Ali clowned, sticking his tongue out and gesturing to Inoki to stand up and punch with him, meanwhile staying close to the safety of the ropes. The rules said Ali could stop the action—action?—by grabbing the ropes. The scene left one to meditate on his own sanity and the Japanese word *wakarimasen*, which means "I can't understand."

The fastest foot in the East cut Ali's leg.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 23

the Monarch of the WBC—and Sabatini the guest Wizard of Monaco, a nation half the size of New York's Central Park.

Not that anyone really cared about the titles. What mattered was that Monzon, 33, had not lost a fight in nearly a dozen years, an amazing 80 straight victories in all. For Valdes, 29, the record was 26 consecutive wins over the last six years. Clearly, this was a match that was almost preordained—and the alphabet bureaucracy be damned.

But red tape is easier spun than undone, a messy chore that consumed Sabatini for more than a year. "Usually," he said on the eve of the fight, "we hold our title matches in Monte Carlo the week of the Grand Prix, but now we don't need their help at the gate. Car people, Les Hippies. They are, you know, strange."

If so, then Sabatini's operation might best be described as quaint. Holding forth in a great rumbling wheeze, he ran the "Super Middleweight Championship of the World" from an open phone booth in the dim lobby of a tiny hotel far from the distracting sounds of sea and slot machine. Gesturing effusively with a bandaged hand that he had injured in a wee-hour fall, Sabatini himself might have passed as some kind of one-armed bandit gathering in the day's take. Informed one morning that Monzon had called Valdes "a paper fighter, a poor little Negro who won't last even eight rounds," Sabatini roared, "Ha, Carlos is not exactly the Great White Champion. He's an Indian."

And then he ordered two more rows added to the sold-out ringside section.

"I could promote this match in, say, Paris," Sabatini said, "and draw 40,000 people instead of 10,000, but in Paris they have taxes and here they do not. When you are paid 1,000 francs for a ticket in Monte Carlo, you get 1,000 francs."

What Monte Carlo gets in return is an invasion by an international fight crowd that, pound for rippling pound, cigar for fuchsia hot pants and bent nose for pinkie ring, will upstage those Grand Prix dudes every time.

Even so, in a setting where incongruities abound, half a world champion is a sight for jaded eyes. There was no missing, for instance, the grand arrival of Monzon. When his caravan arrived at the Hermitage Hotel, he spilled out in a radiant white ensemble with blonde actress Susanna Gimenez, his co-star in the Argentine film *La Mary*, and 48 pieces of luggage in tow. Then the one-time shoeshine boy from the Pampas swept through the Belle Epoque Rotunda, where W. Somerset Maugham once took his tea, and disappeared in a swirl of handlers and photographers.

Over at the new Loews Monte Carlo, a kind of seaside Caesars Palace, Valdes strolled the lobby in his blue sweat suit, jerked the slot machines and mixed with some of the folks from Mack Trucks, Inc., who were in town for a conference entitled "Meeting the Parts and Service Challenge." But Valdes had his own challenge to meet and, resting on his bed one day, munching on a piece of pineapple, he talked about his childhood in Cartagena. Not only did he fish the Caribbean with dynamite depth charges, grabbing up as many fish as he could carry before the police arrived, but he often had to fight off sharks; one claimed a friend of his. At 16, after months of boxing bareknuckled on the beach, Valdes accepted a challenge to fight in a carnival for seven pesos. He won a three-round decision and has not stopped swinging. "Today," he concluded proudly, "I don't care what anybody says. I am the champion of the world."

Monzon thought differently. Stripping off his rubber sweat suit in the locker room one afternoon, he said, "For me, Valdes is just another challenger. So far he has only fought second-class boxers. There is only one Monzon. Valdes never had to fight a Monzon."

Nor did Valdes ever have to cope with such untimely tragedy. Just four days before the fight he received word that his younger brother had been killed in a fight in Colombia. "It was a knife in the heart," said Sabatini. Grief stricken, Rodrigo wept and mourned for two days. "Now," said his manager, Gil Clancy, on the eve of the fight, "he's in great shape physically, but psychologically he's hurt."

As for Monzon, his handlers were worried that he was feeling too good. Susanna Gimenez, they said, was enough to distract any man. Claiming that Monzon was "putting his love life ahead of everything else," the fighter's advisers asked the actress to relocate herself in another hotel. "I'd say Carlos is not 70% of what he should be physically," said one of his handlers. "I'd say his chances of winning are 60-40."

When the two warriors finally entered the outdoor ring at the Louis II Soccer Stadium, Valdes exchanged a victory salute with his friend Omar Sharif while Monzon kept his attention focused on Susanna, who swiveled to ringside in a shimmer of gold lamé. Whatever his inspiration, Monzon quickly established the pattern that was to thwart Valdes for most of the evening. A sinewy 5'11", Monzon snapped his strangely awkward but jolting left jabs off Valdes' head so often that it looked as if he was working on a speed bag. And when his stockier opponent came powering inside, Monzon either tied him up or fell against the loose ropes and bent his back á la Ali. Either way, Monzon, a controlled come-to-me fighter with a wonderfully sneaky right hand, showed why his face is virtually unmarked. And, more amazing, why he has never been knocked down.

The first six rounds were clearly, if not easily, Monzon's. A notoriously slow starter, Valdes was just warming up. "When Rodrigo first turned pro," explains Clancy, "I had to warn the ref not to disqualify him in the first round for not mixing it up. That's just the way he is." True to form, Valdes came on stronger with each succeeding round. With Clancy crying "Bang it, bang it," Valdes started to pry open Monzon's clamshell defense. Trailing badly at the midway point, Valdes caught the backpedaling Argentine with an overhand right and a pair of looping left hooks that abruptly shifted the momentum in favor of the Colombian. But Monzon is tough, as well as clever, and he never let the fight get out of his control.

In the 14th, aware that only a strong finish—probably only a knockout—could win for him, Valdes began throwing roundhouse punches that also left him dangerously open. "*Directo, directo*," (straight) cautioned Clancy from the corner, but it was too late. Stepping neatly inside a Valdes lunge, Monzon hit him with a jolting right and then stepped aside like a matador as his opponent fell into the ropes.

Up almost immediately, Valdes fought on courageously, winning the 15th round with one final but, alas, futile assault. After several near-riots in and around the ring, the announcer declared, "*Le champion du monde*, Carlos Monzon."

And off went Carlos and Susanna to star in yet another Sabatini production, this one a new movie to be made in Italy. The subject: the life and hard times of a retired boxer. **END**

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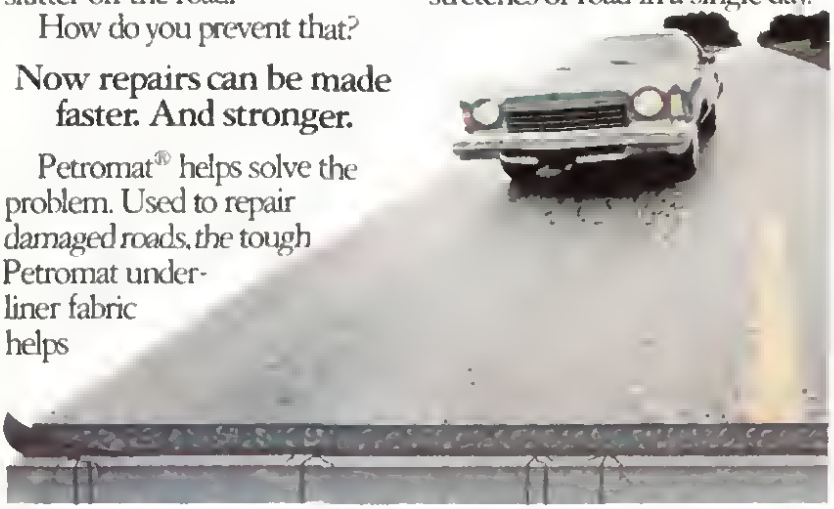

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Nobody among the 10,000 people at Budokan, some of whom paid $1,000 for a ringside ticket, could understand. What they saw was an Ali who, in the few brief intervals when Inoki stood up, threw only six punches in the entire fight. That's a million dollars a punch. Only a couple of them landed and both were harmless jabs. Meanwhile, Inoki spent the time slithering about trying to get a leg in back of Ali's left leg. The result was that Ali was kicked about 60 times on his leg. His shin was bloodied and the back of his leg was covered with hematomas. His corner began to work on the leg early, applying ice bags and Vaseline. It could have been the first fight ever stopped because of a cut leg.

The Ali-Inoki affair was supposed to settle once and for all that old and idiotic saloon argument. Who would win a match between a wrestler and a boxer? Granted, it is not one of the burning questions of our times, but whip it up to an adjectival soufflé, add the name of Ali, throw in some inscrutable Oriental claptrap, and you have James Cagney going against a bullet-headed black belt on a Tokyo wharf for God and country. The curiosity level grew high, and popcorn sold by the ton.

A crowd of 32,897 turned up at New York's Shea Stadium to view the match on closed-circuit television, and millions of others watched throughout the world, all of them corroborating what H. L. Mencken once said: "People know what they want, and they deserve to get it . . . good and proper." They also confirmed what Ali said before the match: "All the inventions in the world, all the new things comin' out every day, but I find a loophole. A new thing." It is Ali's contention that the world is bored, and that he alone provides it with relief.

Maybe so, but Ali is currently walking a thin line between being a supreme talent, a magical figure with a pull and draw never before experienced, and being an impossible bore. He has been badly overexposed. His theatrics are stale, each line he speaks seems to come from a man with a key in his back.

So why did he need a Japanese wrestler? Six million dollars is part of the reason, but there is more. By some weird reasoning—perhaps only a rationalization for taking the money—he talked himself into believing that the prestige of his sport was somehow at stake here. Ali also believes that he must constantly as-

continued

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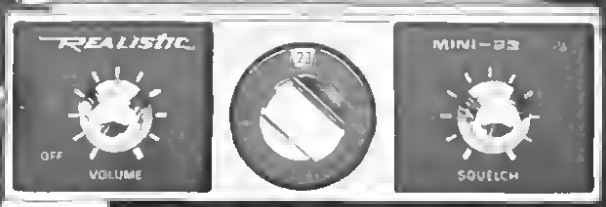

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found the planet, that his beauteous ring gifts are not enough. He talks often of the mythological Hercules, little knowing that intelligence was conspicuously absent in much that Hercules did. Too hot, Hercules points an arrow at the sun and threatens to shoot it. Tossed by the waves, he tells the waters to be calm or else he will punish them.

After he arrived in Tokyo, Ali began to hear stories of how Inoki could maim him for life. He became annoyed, and said, "I intend to wear the kind of gloves I use on the heavy bag. With these gloves, over taped fists, a man could easily get killed. I fear for Inoki. I also fear for his family."

The Ali camp was apprehensive. "I don't know what to think of all this," said Trainer Angelo Dundee. "This could get nasty."

Bitter meetings over the rules followed, and it was finally decided that Inoki could not use his hands or feet in karate fashion.

The rules clearly did not favor Inoki, and he did what any sensible man would do: stay on his back, far away from the Ali jab that rams out in 1/25 of a second. Being on his back did not help Inoki win the crowd's favor—or increase his chances of becoming a genuine national hero, one of the reasons he guaranteed Ali $3 million just to show up in Tokyo.

He seemed a pathetic figure in his dressing room as large tears dropped from his eyes; he could not speak. The money—an estimated $2 million—he had made apparently was not enough to console him. Besides the desire to become a hero, what else had he hoped to gain? To restore prestige to the floundering sport of professional wrestling in Japan? To set up a big tour of the U.S.? He sat there, his huge jaw drooping like a sinking aircraft carrier, and one could only hope that he would be reunited with an elder sister, who he said had lost contact with the family 20 years ago.

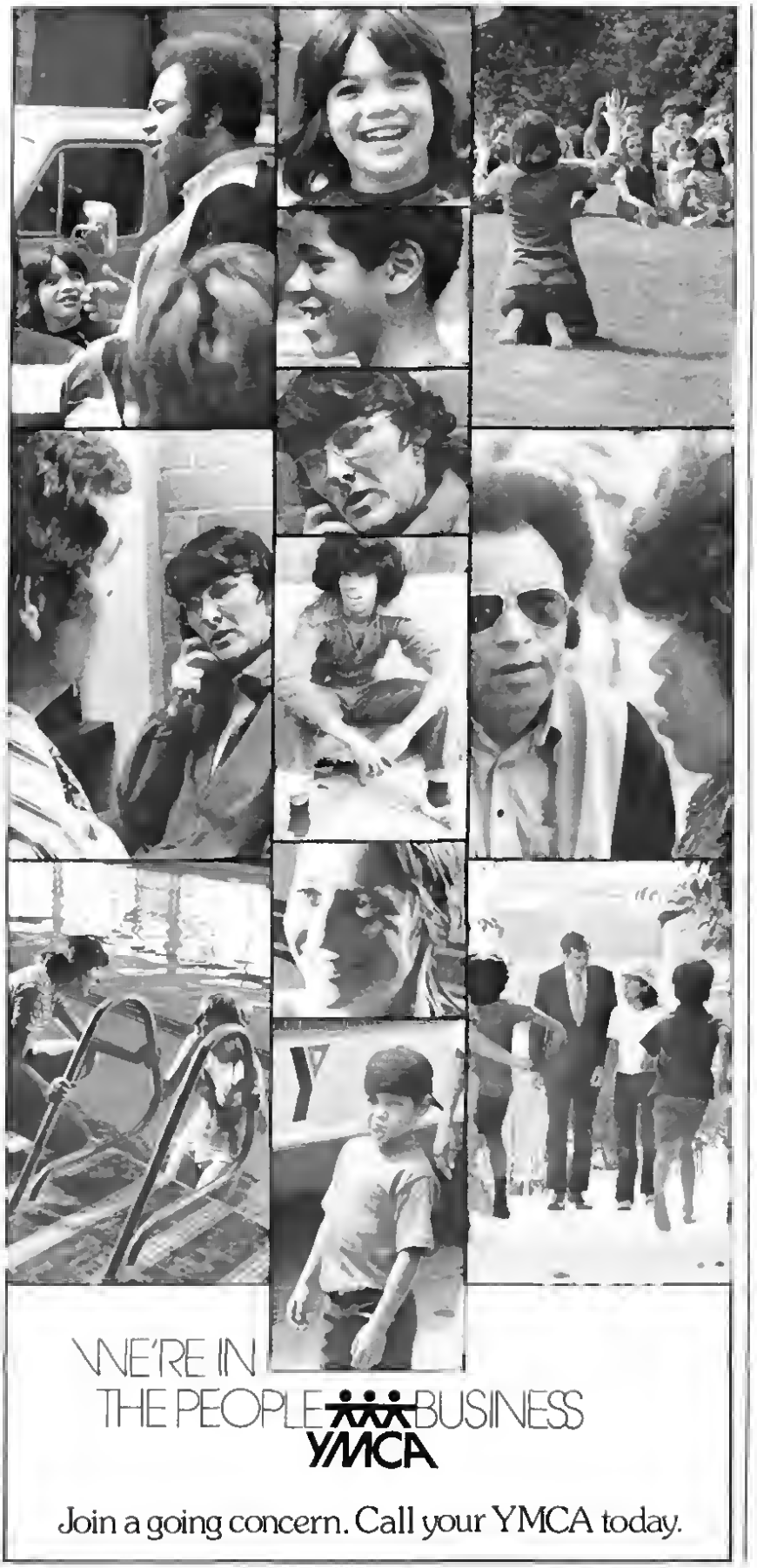
"I hope all this publicity brings us together again," he said before the fight.

It would have been better for him to take out a classified ad.

As it is, he and Ali have left at least one spectator to ponder over and over the words of the mystic Lafcadio Hearn, writing of Japan:

"Remember that here all is enchantment, that you have fallen under the spell of the dead."

He can say that again. **END**



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JUST WIND HER UP AND CLOSE YOUR EYES

It's a wrenching test of man and motorcycle, and the hillclimber is apt to flip over making the grade

by **SAM MOSES**

There was a time when motorcycle racers were as rowdy as they were hardy, given to shenanigans that caused decent folks to nail boards over their windows, send the women and children to Grandma's and hide the dog in the garage when the racers came to town. But today tens of thousands of those same decent citizens crowd into such places as the Los Angeles Coliseum to watch motocross races, and politicians compose proclamations dedicating entire weeks to the sport of motorcycle racing. The riders are changed men.

Well, most of them are. There is one bunch that remains fiercely anachronistic: the hillclimbers. If stock-car drivers think sports-car drivers are sissies, they must love professional hillclimbers. Ask a motorcycle hillclimber what a Gucci loafer is and the odds are he'll guess it's a lazy Italian. There aren't many hillclimbers under the age of 35; they are wiry ol' boys who munch Red Man, and what they don't swallow they spit on the hill in defiance. Many let the straps of their helmets dangle at their jaws and wear long-sleeved jerseys instead of protective leather jackets. Their bikes have orange flames painted on the gas tanks and some even have been given names, like *The Midnght Ghost*. The lingo runs to talk like "he ain't gettin' nuff griptlon with his tars," and the riders refer to each other as "good runners" and "top point-getters." They arrive at each event on a Saturday evening, towing their bikes on home-built trailers behind 1969 Caddies and the like, drink all night, grab a couple of hours sleep in the back seat, and wake up when the spectators start arriving and the PA system begins blaring something like *God's Gonna Get'cha (For That)*.

The American Motorcycle Association National Championship Hillclimb is by far the richest of the year, it attracts the 30 best riders and the largest audience. This year it will be held at Mount Garfield near Muskegon, Mich., on Aug. 1. Last summer the site was Jef-

ferson, Pa., a hinterlands town not far from Hanover, where some of the world's fastest standardbreds are trained. Chief of the four-person Jefferson police force is a bushy-browed, gentleman of Pennsylvania Dutch heritage, short of hair and wide of girth.

"Biggest trouble we ever had was when 18 of them got to racing their cycles the wrong direction around the roundabout in the town square," says the Chief. "Didn't want to but had to bust 'em; we don't even let the townfolk do that."

The rest of the AMA circuit is a long-running theater of nostalgia, held over for years in towns named Egypt, East Palestine and such. It consists of about 18 events through the summer, most of them in the East. The average purse is a paltry $1,500, and there is little sponsorship or contingency money; hillclimbing is earthy, not glamorous.

Fittingly the hillclimb rulebook is a thin one. In fact, the only rule that counts for much is the one that defines a rider as being officially in control of his motorcycle *if he reaches the finish line with* at least one hand still on the handlebars. Notice that this rule does not require both hands to be on the bars, nor does it mention feet, seat or any other part of the anatomy that is generally considered helpful in controlling a motorcycle. It does not matter in the least where the rest of a rider's body may be when the motorcycle reaches the top of the hill. The rule tells a lot about the sport.

Hillclimbing is no more of a race than pole vaulting. The competitors climb the hill one at a time, timed by clock, and if nobody can reach the top the winner is the man who comes closest in his three attempts. They start from a rut at the bottom of the hill, and each rider has his own idea about how long and deep the rut should be to provide the most traction. Shaping this take-off point is a ritual; the riders call it "farming for turnips." A rider will pick and shovel the rut, and kick and scratch at it with the heel of his boot; he will study it like a golfer lining up a putt. When he is finally satisfied that it is the proper shape, he will back his machine into the rut and, often with a heavy sigh, lower his body onto the seat with the same gentle care a cowboy takes in mounting a bronco in the chute. For a moment he will sit motionless, staring almost straight up at the hill, trying to psych it out as if he is a fighter and it is his opponent, which is not far wrong. Then he reaches down and grabs a fistful of dirt and rubs it between his sweaty palms, and wraps a stringy piece of leather around one wrist. At the end of the leather is a kill switch: if—or more likely when—he crashes, the engine will be shut off as the leather is jerked away from the switch.

A crew member—usually a brother-in-law or a beer-drinking buddy—places a heavy boot on the bike's kick-starter, suspends his weight over the lever and jumps down with a powerful stroke. That the motion be confident is vital: a diffident kick will result in a backfire from the high-compression engine that can toss a man three feet into the air, clutching his twisted ankle in agony as he flies.

The engine fires to life with an unmuffled boom—not the sucking whine of a turbo Offy, or even the strident shriek of a Yamaha road racer, but a raw rumble that shakes the ground all the way to the top of the hill. The rider grips the handlebars, grits his teeth and squeezes the clutch lever with the fingers of his left hand. He snaps the bike into gear with his foot, twists the throttle full-on with his right hand, and *wham!* his left fingers snap open, the clutch lever springs out, and the bike is lost in a cloud of exploding earth as if a hand grenade had been dropped into the rut.

People standing near the starting line scatter. Spectators sitting at the bottom of the hill, often separated from the starting line by a wire fence like a batter's cage, protect themselves. Some turn their faces away and listen—they can tell from the sound how successful a run is—exposing the backs of their necks to the flying clumps of dirt and stones the size of golf balls. Some hide behind programs; some bury their faces in their hands and peek out between their fingers as the thundering brown cloud rolls up the hill. The cloud once knocked a spectator clean out at Everett, they say.

The finish above, the crowd below, and in between a delicate balance in the art of control

The folks at the top of the hill can see the very same cloud, only it is coming at them, hovering over the bike, chasing it along to the top.

Sometimes the cloud catches the bike. And the rider. Spectacular crashes are commonplace in hillclimbing and they usually come in the form of backflips that occur when a rider presses his precarious point of balance one notch beyond optimum traction. In order to get the most bite, a rider leans back and puts his weight on the rear wheel, but this often causes the front wheel to rise by inches, sometimes feet, especially if a man shifts

continued

his body rearward at the same moment he grabs a handful of throttle. As the front wheel lifts higher and higher, the rider knows that all he needs to do to bring it down is roll back the throttle, but, by gar, it's a *race*, and raees aren't won by backing off. So he keeps the gas screwed on and leans forward instead, sometimes forward so far that his chin nearly rubs the front tire. But sometimes even this radical posture is not far enough and sometimes it's not soon enough. The bike keeps rising until it is nearly vertical, then whips over backward and lands upside down on the seat and handlebars. If the rider is fast enough and lucky enough he will be able to push himself away and won't be underneath the bike when it lands. A rider experienced at crashing—which is to say all but the greenest of hillclimbers—may even be able to land on his feet. If not, he might become part of a thrashing maelstrom of steel and bones and rubber and flesh tumbling to the bottom of the hill.

Finally, everything stops bouncing. Invariably, incredibly, the damage is no more serious than bruises and dents. It is difficult to decide which is steelier, the men or the machines.

The Rescue Squad, a team of six to eight beefy men called "hookers" stationed on the side of the hill, loop a thick rope around a fallen bike and lower it to the bottom. It also is their seemingly suicidal assignment to grab an unmounted machine if it should hurtle toward the spectators. At Muskegon's Mount Garfield hill there is a mechanical hooker resembling a J-bar ski lift, powered by what's left of a '27 Chevy—a rusting junkyard refugee that lives in a concrete shed at the top of the hill. A thick steel cable extends from the shed to the base of the hill, and the hook prowls up and down the cable, searching for battered bikes. So far, no riders have had to be given a lift down on the hook.

A good hill is at least 100 yards long, with an inclination of about 60 degrees, increasing in steepness near the top. It is virtually impossible for a person simply to walk up such a hill unless he has some Sherpa blood in him; he must climb up by gripping loose boulders churned from the ground by the bikes, or by grabbing stray clumps of weed if the hill has any vegetation at all. The barren Chillicothe, Ohio, hill is a 400-foot pile of loose shale, and the infamous one at East Palestine in that same state has tiny but treacherous rock ledges that trip the bikes. East Palestine used to claim more victims than any three other hills on the circuit put together until an even more vicious rise known as the Widowmaker was included on the AMA calendar.

Erosion and constant climbing wear the hills down and make them less challenging, but the local motorcycle clubs have ways of overcoming this. They may add ripples, mounds or ditches to the hill to cause the bikes to lose momentum or, as the White Rose Motorcycle Club is doing with the Jefferson hill, they can build it higher. Local contractors deposit dirt and assorted waste at the top. Club members diligently filter the garbage from the fill and pile the dirt above the finish line. By 1980 they hope to have a course 100 feet longer and as steep as they can make it, always keeping in mind the peril of landslides.

If all else fails, a club can simply move its event, which is what Bee's Motorcycle Club of Salt Lake City has done. They are sponsors of the infamous Widowmaker. It has long been reputed to be the most evil hill of them all. It was nine years before a man reached the top of the 600-foot Widowmaker I. But then too many others followed him, so in 1973 Bee's members found a 1,500-foot monster and made it the new Widowmaker. For two years this hill stood in defiance of the 1,200 riders who attempted to best it, in fact none had even made it over halfway. Then this April, Widowmaker II finally yielded—to a single rider.

Even the peaks of the smaller Eastern hills offer quite a view. The Muskegon hill overlooks Lake Michigan and part of the city. Cement steps are built into its face, so hiking to the top is relatively easy and, before it was barred to the public, townspeople used to like to go up there and fantasize about being hillclimbers. A story is told that one young lad went a step beyond: late one night, after he closed the town tavern, he tried to drive his '52 Plymouth to the top. He made a running start, shifted to second and wound the hapless old Mopar out, but he didn't get 10 feet beyond the starting line. At least not up. He did manage to drive himself a few feet into the face of the hill.

The Jefferson hill is so high and so

When a hill wins, the "hookers" are on hand to help in the struggle back down.

lonely that it seems to need a sign at the top saying Lovers Leap. There is nothing above it but sky and silence, nothing below it but trees with birds flitting between them, across the narrow, rocky, dirt trail up the face. From the bottom the hill seems even steeper, it is difficult to imagine any vehicle, even a Caterpillar, climbing to the top.

Hillclimb bikes are useless for anything but scratching up the face of a cliff. The special frames are longer and lower than those on dirt bikes, because a long wheelbase and low center of gravity help keep a bike on the ground. The brakes are minimal, because the only time a rider needs to stop is when he reaches the top. But even that can be dodgy. Some hills are not much wider at the top than the length of the bike. It is hard to know if a rider is kidding or not when he says the scary part of hillclimbing is not in getting to the top but in keeping from falling over the other side.

The engines of the machines displace 750 cubic centimeters, although side-valve engines may be as big as 1,200 cc. (There are next to none of these, however, for most are World War II surplus Harley-Davidsons of the sort advertised in the back of comic books, and not even hillclimbers are that attached to the past.) The cycles burn a mixture of alcohol and nitromethane, and the best are fuel-injected. The rear tire is usually a wide but worn road tire; the bikes get their traction from chains wrapped around the tires, like snow chains on an automobile.

Most of the hillclimb machines are powered by obsolete English BSA and Triumph twin-cylinder engines or vintage Harley-Davidsons. A hillclimb is about the only place apart from an antique motorcycle show where one can see such beloved models as the Indian, a marque that died nearly a quarter-century ago. Modern engines are creeping onto the hills very slowly: new equipment costs money, and hillclimbers just don't have it.

One super machine on the AMA circuit belongs to the grand national champion, Terry Kinzer, of Allen, Ky. It is the most powerful and expensive bike in hillclimb history, a 375-pound red, white and blue Honda worth some $10,000—about three times as much as the average hillclimb bike. The four-cylinder, fuel-injected engine sounds as mellifluous as a Formula I Ferrari, as well it might, it produces about 150 horsepower which gives it close to the same power-to-weight ratio as a Formula I car.

The trouble with Kinzer's bike is it has maybe too much horsepower. Most of last season he struggled to make the beast go up the hills instead of across them sideways. "Sometimes the thing is just too much of a *pawthouse*," he said after crashing at Jefferson on his final attempt. "I just twist the throttle wide open and wind that sucker up to about 10 grand, close my eyes and drop the clutch, and it goes whump-whump and I'm either at the top of the hill or on *my* fanny."

Kinzer is a burly boy who grew up in the Kentucky coalfields and now drills for gas, water and oil for a living. His family is hillclimbing's version of the Pettys of stock-car racing. At every hillclimb the Kinzer contingent includes Terry's 4-year-old daughter, his wife, his brother Jerry, who is also a top hillclimb rider, his mother-in-law, his mother, who runs a Honda shop back home, and his father, the head tuner on the team. Plus a goodly number of fans who faithfully follow him to the climbs.

Unlike many of his competitors who shun protective clothing, Kinzer wears shin guards and shoulder pads and a full-coverage helmet with the strap fastened, possibly because he has more to get injured—he weighs a sturdy 230 pounds. He stokes up for a race with a breakfast of a few fried eggs, a pile of bacon, and muffins spread thick with Smucker's blackberry jam. But maybe he likes the extra padding simply because he tries harder than anyone else, and has frequent occasion to take advantage of it. He has been known to virtually throw his machine across the top of a hill, flip into a wheelie that sends him over backwards, jump up after the horrific tumble, grab his thick arms and squat legs and bullish neck and give them a tug and a twist and a pull, and shout down the hill to the spectators at the bottom, "Lookee here! I ain't broken! Haw!"

"Only thing that's ever been hurt hillclimbing is my feelings," Kinzer says. "That happens every time one of them other rascals goes up quicker."

At the head of Kinzer's list of rascals is a likable fellow named B. Doyle Disbennet, who is sometimes referred to on hillclimb programs as a "frog hunter, deer rider, squirrel shooter and Indian turnip farmer from Las Vegas, Columbus, Laurelville, Ohio, and Heaven knows where else." Right now he owns a bar in Lancaster, Ohio. He calls it the Orange Carpet Lounge. In 1974 he edged Kinzer by one-tenth of a second to win the National Championship Hillclimb in Muskegon, and he lost the season championship to Kinzer by only seven points that year. (Last year he barely made it to the championship at Jefferson because he had to work late in the Orange Carpet the night before he left, and the drive to Jefferson with 10 other people packed into a small motor home was tiring.)

Disbennet's trademark used to be a white shirt, but he doesn't wear the shirt anymore because a new rule requires a rider to have his name and number on his back, and Disbennet's 2-year-old shirt still has No. 1 on it from the last year he won the National Championship Hillclimb. "If I'm ever No. 1 again, I'll break it out again," he says.

An intrepid gentleman named Beese Wendt helped build the Jefferson hill, and holds the record for climbing it. His given name is Truman, but years ago the other riders tagged him with Beese (Bee-zee), sort of short for BSA, because he was fighting faithful to his trusty BSA bike. It is a classic 1949 Vincent, painted bright purple, although Beese swears the aerosol can said burgundy. For Beese Wendt to ride a purple Vincent at Jefferson is akin to Buddy Baker driving a flathead Ford with fender skirts and a Continental kit at Darlington.

Despite years of hillclimbing, Beese's bones are intact. "Got a lot of bruises, and once I hit that darn concrete shed at the top of the Muskegon hill and tore all the cart-ridges out of one of my knees, but that's all that's ever been hurt bad," he says.

"But I don't know," he adds reflectively. "Last year was like all the others. I traveled 10,000 miles, and all I got is a car that's wore out, a bike that's wore out and a body that's wore out. I just don't know. . . ."

The men who race hillclimb motorcycles, men like Terry Kinzer and Doyle Disbennet and Beese Wendt—and Earl Bowlby and Lou Gerencer and Conley Newsome, to mention three more—are heroes of their kind. They are not driven by macho egos; it is the spirit of a simpler past that draws them to these hills and puts a patina of determination over their eyes as they look toward the top. As long as they keep churning upward, that spirit will be present. **END**

A Trail That Stops At The Sea

by Bil Gilbert

As Route 40 sinks slowly in the West, travelers who push on to the Pacific can sense the spirit that moved explorer Joe Walker

Even today it is easy to see why the Eastern stretch of the old National Road pushed across the country the way it did. The Appalachian terrain, the Potomac River gorge, the vegetative cover and roll of the land dictated the route. Along Route 40 and other older highways there is usually the same strong sense of imperative location. You look around at cliffs and defiles, heavy forests, swamps and deep rivers or their remnants and know why the road is where it is, why it has more or less always been there.

Things become different when one rolls westward out of the wood- and wetlands and onto the great flats and plains. Here, so far as travel was concerned, one place was about as convenient as another to walk, ride or drive a wagon. Even in the Rockies much the same situation prevailed. The Western mountains are much higher than Eastern ones but they are pierced by broad, relatively easy passes. South Pass, for one, the historic point where Oregon-bound emigrant trains crossed the Rockies, is a rolling, grassy gap. Many of the early travelers, accustomed to the difficult

continued

and precipitous gorges of the Appalachians, remarked with surprise and pleasure on the gentleness of South Pass.

By the 1850s there were a number of Western pathways suitable for use by wheeled vehicles. They were generally called trails rather than roads, however, and they were not built—they were simply found and marked. A trapper, trader or scout would ride off in some direction; if the way he went seemed convenient (water, forage and the mood of native tribesmen were usually the critical factors), others would follow, erect a few markers and create a trail.

At times Route 40 follows some of the historic paths of the West that evolved in this free-form, even capricious, way. Here and there driving west on Route 40, a motorist is traveling over parts of such trails—Boone's, Santa Fe, Oregon, Frémont's, Joe Walker's, Humboldt, Donner's—but in general the association is hazy and tenuous. Again a comparison with the East comes to mind: Route 40, or the newer interstate nearby, more or less has to follow the path of the old National Road because of still prevailing topographical imperatives. But it is more or less coincidence that as it leaves Kansas and heads toward Denver, 40 picks up a bit of Frémont's Oregon trail. Across that plain, John Charles Frémont, topographical engineer and U.S. pathfinder, could follow any straight line that caught the fancy.

All of which accounts in part for the fact that Western roads have a feeling of looseness. Concrete and asphalt have hardened things a bit, but there is still a sense that the particular route one follows is not all that important, that one could just as well be someplace else under the horizon, traveling the same kind of road in the same direction.

ROCKY MOUNTAIN NATIONAL PARK, COLO.

The national parks serve as vacation sites and recreation centers for some 150 million Americans each year—and working in the parks or for the National Forest Service has long struck the young as the most desirable of all summer jobs. Applications for seasonal work with these out-of-doors agencies always outnumber available jobs by more than a hundred to one.

Maura Hennessy, a college student from Eureka, Calif., is one of the lucky ones. After making 50 applications, she found a job at Rocky Mountain Park. However, now that she has it, Maura is somewhat disillusioned. She had great expectations of working in the wilderness, of communing with nature and making a little money while doing so. She is making the money, but she is earning it by working in an information booth at the west entrance to the Park. Since Rocky Mountain annually draws more than 2½ million visitors, this is somewhat similar to working at an airlines ticket counter or a complaint desk at Macy's.

"I'm not representing the wilderness here. I'm representing rules and the bureaucracy," Hennessy says. "The questions are all the same. I feel like putting up a board and just pointing to the answers. How do I get to Denver? What is the highest mountain? Are there open campgrounds? Are there any dangerous animals? How long does it take to get to

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ROBERT HEINDEL

Estes Park? A lot of them think Estes [a ferociously commercial village near the eastern entrance] is the Park.

"The poor turkeys are so hung up on facts and time and their travel schedules. Sometimes I want to shake them and say, 'Hey, don't worry about the time, just enjoy yourself.'

"When I get a day off I go by myself to climb or pack. I see too many people in this job, so I want to be alone. Usually I go to a national forest rather than a park. There aren't so many people and not so many rules. I know there have to be regulations, to keep people from wrecking what's left of the Park, but it seems that all the rules get between the people and the Park. I don't know what the answer is and that depresses me, too."

STEAMBOAT SPRINGS, COLO.

Two disparate recreational philosophies, cultures in a sense, meet head on in the mountain playgrounds of northern Colorado. On the one hand there is the horse-rodeo-hunting-and-shooting crowd, and on the other the climbing-white watering-backpacking-ecology set. A good place to observe the differences between the two is in outfitting stores. Steamboat Springs has a lot of them catering to both sets of customers. "Western" stores sell hard-type goods, lots of leather boots, belts, tack, things made out of stainless steel and gunmetal. In contrast, "recreational suppliers" push softer and lighter items made from aluminum, nylon, and especially feathers. (Only in hats do Westerns go soft and Recreationists hard.) For working purposes, representatives of the first culture can be called Leather people and those of the second, Feather people.

Leather people are birthright Westerners, or at least pretend they are. The region has great mystique for them and they are proud provincials. Feather people come from all over and like to brag about being cosmopolitans, catching the Green River rapids in July and the Great Barrier Reef surf in January.

Leather dudes tote steaks and beer to the back country on pack horses, trail bikes or in pickups. Feather folk walk, paddle or rappel in by rope with freeze-dried vegetables and surprising white wines. Leathers listen to Marty Robbins and watch John Wayne while Feathers go for Bob Dylan and Peter Fonda.

In Leather stores there are usually posters advertising turkey shoots, rodeos and ox roasts. Feather merchants advertise raft trips, rugby games and edible-weed walks.

"Is there a jackpot rodeo going on around here anyplace this weekend?"

"Who knows, man. I don't pay much attention to what the rednecks do."

"Who do you see about a raft trip?"

"Couldn't say, pardner, but anybody you smell smoking dope could probably tell you. You all hurry back."

WASATCH MOUNTAIN RANGE, UTAH

Eric and Jay Brunvand, 15 and 14 respectively, are athletic, precociously self-possessed brothers. Their home is near Denver and last winter on a ski slope they began talking about riding their bikes to Salt Lake City. Eventually the talk led to their present circumstances, pedaling up a three-mile mountain grade into a headwind on the last leg of their 500-mile trip along Route 40. Eric is pulling a bike trailer that carries most of their gear.

When school was out the boys got jobs in a restaurant to earn money for the trip. They took $200 with them and could have used more. "In a car you buy gas," Eric explains, "but biking you eat a lot more. We didn't plan to, but we stopped three nights in motels to get showers, watch TV and call home. When we called home I don't think they believed us when we told them there were places in western Colorado where in the morning we could see the place we ended up at night. That was discouraging."

"Hills are hard," says Jay, "but hills and a headwind are super hard. I'm glad we're almost finished, but I might do it again in flatter country. The best thing about the trip is that we have been responsible for ourselves. We've met some super people. We kept meeting a man and his daughter who had been driving along slowly, fishing in streams and camping. We got really friendly with them. They live in Salt Lake City and they want us to call them when we get there. Being on the road is like being on a team. Everybody else you meet biking or fishing or hiking is on your side."

SALT LAKE CITY

On a shimmering flat of the Great Salt Lake basin, the Ute Radio Control Association, devoted to model aircraft, is holding a Carrier Spot Landing contest. A 125′ by 50′ rectangle, theoretically a scaled-down aircraft-carrier flight deck, has been marked off in the salty sand. Club members take turns sending their model craft aloft and then landing them in the target area. Where they land determines how many points they are awarded. If they miss altogether, another club member douses them with a bucket of water to symbolize the fact that they slid off the theoretical deck into the theoretical ocean.

Like many contestants, John Perri, the club champion, is an engineer, and he has national-class ambitions. "National championships for various radio-controlled classes are growing in number, and the prize money is now well into the five-figure range," he says. Perri owns 15 models suitable for such events as pylon racing, aerobatics and scale competition. He has invested about $15,000 in his fleet but cannot estimate how many hours he has spent designing, building and flight-testing it. "It's an addiction," says Perri. "But it is my trip."

"Old modelers never quit," says Walt Staff. "We have a former club member who now lives in Indiana. He still comes back a couple of times a year to fly his planes with us."

Staff has been an addict since the 1930s when, as the story goes, he was the first person in Salt Lake City to put a gas-

continued

oline engine in a model plane. "Outsiders think of it as a child's sport, but there aren't very many kids in it seriously. To be a good modeler takes more time, patience, experience and money than most kids have."

BONNEVILLE SALT FLATS, UTAH

The great white flats stretch away from Route 40 to a very distant horizon. In between there is nothing to climb or avoid, nothing to distract man or machine. It seems inevitable that certain people would find this place and set it aside as a temple for the worship of pure speed. The sense of the place is hypnotic, the speed fever that rises from the Bonneville Flats is contagious.

From the highway, a single salty access road leads into the heart of the flats toward the speed altar. The speedometer on a soft, flabby, rental car begins to climb: 75-80-90-95. Energy conservation, the law, safety be damned. The compulsion is strong. Go, go, go. Gotta go now. Let the car *fly*. One becomes Ab Jenkins in his Mormon Meteor. Craig Breedlove in Spirit of America. Go, go, go.

NEVADA

On a July Saturday here people are water-skiing, trout fishing, shooting skeet, motocrossing, rounding up wild horses, riding bulls, playing basketball and baseball. Making allowance for its small population and specialized environment, there are as many and as varied things going on in Nevada as anyplace else. However, it is hard to remember this because everything else seems dwarfed, overshadowed by The Game, the poker-keno-roulette-baccarat-blackjack-crap-slot game that goes on continually in casinos, restaurants, motels, hamburger joints, gas stations and drugstores.

At 10 o'clock on a Saturday evening in Battle Mountain, a middle-aged woman is playing roulette in the Owl Club casino. A boy and a girl come in and tell her about a picnic which they say featured some superior watermelons. The woman appears to listen but does not take her eyes off the wheel and continues to shuffle chips between red and even. At 8.30 on Sunday morning the same woman is playing blackjack in the Owl Club casino.

It seems perfectly proper and even friendly to inquire of a model-plane enthusiast about his addiction. It does not seem proper or friendly to ask the same questions of a roulette-blackjack player.

Across Nevada, from Salt Lake City westward, Route 40 is clearly in trouble. Like a drowning creature it keeps sinking under an interstate, resurfacing briefly and then disappearing again. Still, in this 500 miles wherever the new highway has been laid on top of the older one, it is at least decently marked with a double number, indicating that the route is both the interstate and Route 40. Then somewhere between Harolds Club in Reno and the upper Truckee River even this gesture is abandoned. The last Route 40 sign is met on the Reno bypass. There is no announcement or plaque calling attention to the fact that this is the last time our greatest highway will be called by its own name. Thereafter it is simply not mentioned.

From the California state line westward, what was once Route 40 is a freeway, but at least it is Interstate 80, which suggests some numerical connection. A good California-type sign on the freeway would read, "Interstate 80—the Son of Route 40."

DONNER LAKE, CALIF.

Donner Lake lies just off Interstate 80, more or less at the crest of the Sierra. On its shores is a state park that memorializes the famous Donner party, the group of emigrants who came to terrible and gruesome disaster here in the winter of 1846-47.

But Donner Lake also brings to mind an 1844 party of 46 emigrants, including 23 women and children, that had set off from Council Bluffs in Iowa Territory in wagons. They were mostly Missourians and 22 of them were in one way or another related to a farmer named Martin Murphy Sr. More or less without mishap the Murphy party crossed the plains, cut down along the North Fork of the Platte River and then up the Humboldt. In the late fall they stopped for a time in the meadows around what is now Reno

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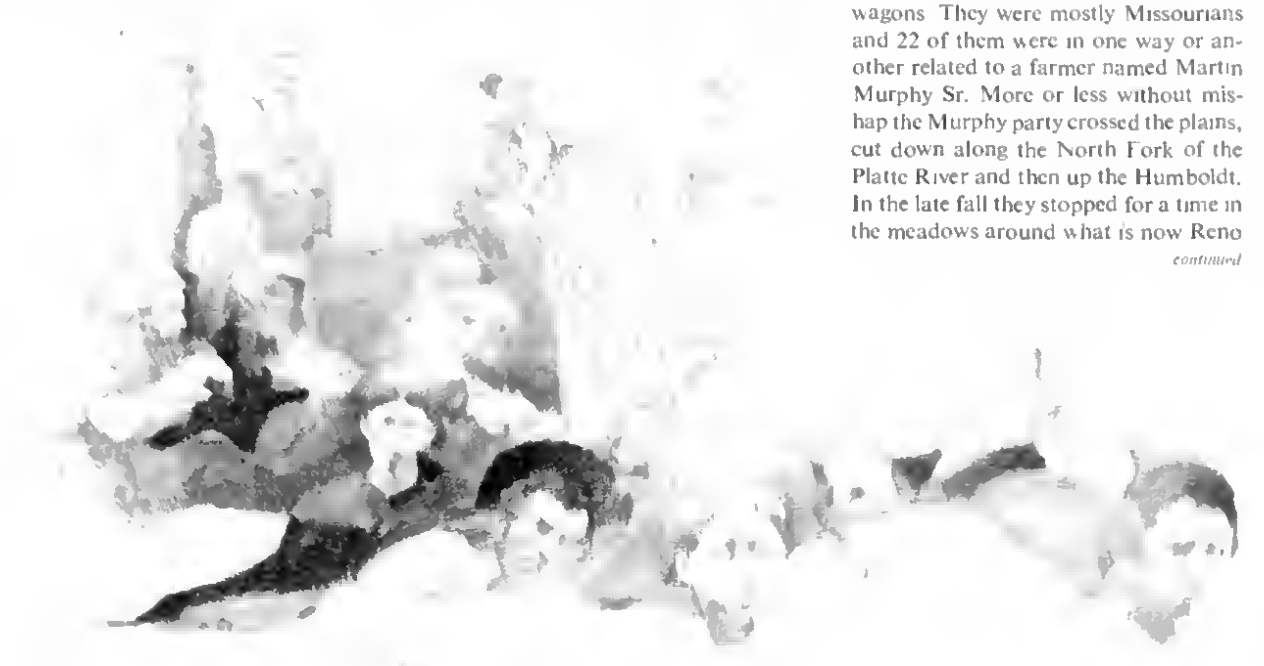

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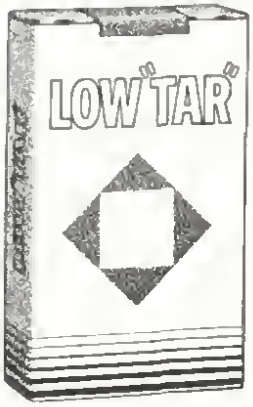

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and then pressed on due westward into the Sierra. When they met snow, they quickly moved the bulk of the party down the westward slopes on horseback or in light wagons. They reached the Sutter's Fort area in good order and spent the winter. One 17-year-old boy, Moses Schallenberger, was left behind up in the snow-choked pass to tend the heavy equipment and supplies. Moses remained at a cabin by the lake, trapped small game for food and did a lot of reading, having found in a wagon the library of a Dr. John Townsend, who had gone ahead. Schallenberger spent a cold, hungry and always lonely winter, but he came through it in good shape. In the spring the other men came back for him, collected the gear and trundled down the mountain to settle in California.

All of which seems routine in the retelling—but the Murphy party had in fact accomplished an enormous and historic feat. They were the first to bring wagons into California. In a sense they were the first Americans to complete the transcontinental trek in wheeled vehicles. They opened the Great Road, which had been started so long before and so far away and over which so many millions of us have traveled since.

The lake where Moses Schallenberger camped during the winter of 1844 was Donner Lake—but it was not so named until after the Donner party showed up two years later. Certainly the Donners had bad luck, but much of it was self-manufactured. They bickered their way across the continent and refused to help each other when in trouble. They struggled into the Sierra following the Murphy route, then panicked when they were caught by the snows. It became an every-man-for-himself situation that degenerated into starvation, murder and cannibalism. Of the 87 members of the party, 40 died, most of them unnecessarily and pointlessly.

Practically and historically, the Murphy party accomplished much more than the Donner group. All of which makes it curious that we should now have a Donner rather than Murphy Lake, a Donner rather than Schallenberger Memorial State Park.

Yuba River, Calif.

Even though it is the successor to Route 40, Interstate 80 does not inspire any special allegiance. If one should decide to leave it and wander down from the high Sierra along the Yuba River on back roads, the result is a slower and more pleasant drive. Among those doing this is Scott Prall, his wife and two young children. Prall is a vacationing used-car salesman from the San Diego area. He is a big, easygoing man who is driving very slowly along the Yuba, a boulder- and cascade-filled, bright, white and green stream. When he spots a promising pool he stops, gets out his fly rod and favorite flies, takes his son Scotty by the hand and walks down to fish for a while.

"I started fishing when I was a kid in North Carolina," he says. "My family moved to California when I was in high school and on vacations I'd take my rod and a sleeping bag and hitchhike around the mountains for two or three weeks at a time, fishing as I went."

How much does he fish now?

"Not nearly enough, but if I don't get in 20 or 30 days a year I'm in trouble with myself. Fly fishing is totally relaxing for me. I hunt a little but that is a production. Fishing is just pure pleasure. This stream isn't like one in the East. I like trout, but I guess what I really like is where the trout *are*. Lots of times I just find a good spot, sit down and listen to the water, smell the air, maybe take a little nap."

The Pacific

Anyone traveling from the Missouri River to the Pacific, especially anyone following Route 40, should in all justice pass by statues, historical markers and commemorative parks dedicated to the memory of Joseph Reddeford Walker, perhaps the most effective and durable American trailblazer and seat-of-the-pants explorer. This is not the case, however, possibly because Walker was a very cool, bold, marvelously ingenuous man who, despite half a century of frontier ventures, never met with disaster, or became involved in the kind of gaudy failures for which lesser men have been memorialized.

Joe Walker came out of the Tennessee mountains in 1819, arriving in Missouri in time to help lay out the Santa Fe Trail. In the 1820s he was a peace officer in Independence, bringing the law and maintaining it in that brawling trailhead community near the Big Muddy. In the '30s he went to the mountains as a beaver trapper and became more or less the beau ideal of the fabled mountain men. In the '40s he guided military explorers and emigrants. (In 1843 Walker brought the first emigrants across the Sierra into California, but they crossed on foot, not in wagons as the Murphy party did a year later.) In the 1850s Walker started a ranch in Gilroy, Calif. In the '60s, still restless, he led prospectors and miners through Apaches and deserts to the Prescott gold fields of Arizona. He died in 1876 back on the ranch, saying laconically just before his demise that the thing he was proudest of was that he still had his scalp.

During the course of nearly 60 years on the extreme edge of the frontier, Joe Walker may have seen more virgin land and laid down more new trail (including a fair section of what was to become Route 40) than any other American. There is one Walker story that fairly summarizes what he was and how he was regarded in his own time. A prospector trying to catch up with Walker in the New Mexico mountains asked at a trading post what trail he might take to intercept the famous scout. "Captain Walker does not follow trails," snorted the trader. "He makes them."

San Francisco

Technically, it's all over. Interstate 80, the Son of Route 40, ends at Market and Waller Streets. You come rolling off the Oakland Bay Bridge on I-80, China Town and the Embarcadero off to the right, and in a few blocks Interstate 80 simply disappears, swallowed by the city. And since the impetus is there, the thing to do is to continue west toward the ocean, to Golden Gate Park.

In the park there are galleries, museums, amphitheaters, a baseball "meadow," a football stadium, basketball courts, an equestrian ring, rugby fields, a horseshoe pitch, bike trails, botanical exhibits and more. A UNICEF group of boys and girls, Orientals, blacks, whites, reds, are taking a cocker spaniel through an obedience course. A Brazilian student and a linotype operator originally from New Jersey are playing one-on-one soccer. A lawyer is spending his lunch hour sailing a lovely schooner in the model-yacht basin. A gnarled old man with cauliflower ears, pads of scar tissue on his

continued

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To find out just how good a road car Saab really is, we decided to have an independent testing company compare it with what we thought was the toughest competition around: a BMW 2002.

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The results confirmed what we expected. As the chart shows, the Saab and BMW 2002 are quite a match. The Saab was at least an equal in every category. We weren't surprised, but a number of BMW owners may be.

However, don't just take our word for it. There's only one way to find out how good a car really is. Drive it. We did. And look at what happened.

Test	Saab 99 EMS	BMW 2002
Acceleration:		
0-30 MPH (Sec.)	3.8	3.5
0-60 MPH (Sec.)	11.8	12.0
¼ Mile (Sec.)	18.27	18.33
¼ Mile (MPH)	74.2	73.0
Slalom MPH	46.55	43.13
Skid Pad MPH	32.63	32.77
G-Force	0.711	0.717
Braking:		
30-0 MPH (Ft.)	40.4	40.3
60-0 MPH (Ft.)	154.7	153.2

The tests were conducted by American Testing Institute with 1976 model cars in March of this year. Both cars were 2-door sedans with 4-speed manual transmissions. Test results are available upon request.

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IN THE SPIRIT IS MUTUAL

face and a whiskey voice, who was once a professional welterweight, comes each day to the Anglers Lodge and plunks away for an hour or so casting plugs in the target rings that float on the surface of the casting pool.

Endings somehow seem more important than they probably are, since it is no easier to find the true end of something than it is to fix the beginning. Anyway, you close your eyes, spin around, point your finger and then set off in that direction to see what chance and luck bring. They bring Mike Bradford, a Zen archer, practicing, meditating; slowly and rhythmically he shoots arrows at the butts on the Golden Gate Park range.

"I grew up in Columbus, Ohio and I was very competitive in school, in football and wrestling," he says. "I went to Ohio State. I left because I was having head trouble but I didn't know what it was. I came out here and brought my mistakes with me. For two years I was a professional motorcycle road racer, 250-cc. class. I did well enough to earn a pretty good living and I was never hurt seriously. But I was not enjoying life because I was forcing myself on it. I was preoccupied with death. There is a connection between forced speed, forced living and death.

"By what I thought then was accident I came down here one day and saw the archers. I had an immediate sense of the essence. I bought a bow and began to shoot once a day. For the first time I was able to practice genuine self-analysis. Slowly I learned as I shot that the purpose of sport—in fact, the purpose of life—is not competition, accumulating power, but achieving harmony between mind and body and the environment.

"I have gone back to school. I am not a scholar but the act of opening my mind, letting in new impressions and thoughts, feels very harmonious. The sense of harmony is not a means toward some other end, but an end in itself. The joy of harmony between mind and body that I finally discovered through what we call sport applies to everything—working, loving, the daily routine."

In 1833 Captain Joe Walker, the man who made trails instead of following them, led a party of mountain men due west from Utah in hopes of reaching California. They were the first Americans to attempt and make this direct traverse. Traveling through entirely unknown country, Walker crossed the salt flats and worked up the Humboldt, blazing the route over which he would later lead emigrants. They struck the Sierra above what is now Walker Lake and sniffed out a pass. Coming down the western slope, they were the first whites to see and marvel at Yosemite. Once out of the mountains they continued westward, drinking sweet water, gorging on fat game, soaking up the sun, but not knowing how far they would have to go to reach the western extremity of the continent.

On the night of Nov. 10, 1833, the party was camped along the San Joaquin River. According to the journal of Zenas Leonard, a young trapper from Pennsylvania, "We were startled by a loud, distant noise similar to that of thunder. Whilst lying close to the ground this noise could be distinctly heard for a considerable length of time without intermission. Some of our men were much alarmed, as they readily supposed it was occasioned by an earthquake, and they began to fear that we would all be swallowed up in the bowels of the earth. Captain Walker, however, suggested a more plausible cause. He supposed that the noise was originated by the Pacific rolling and dashing her boisterous waves against the rocky shore. Had any of us ever before been at the coast, we would have accounted readily for the mysterious noise. The idea of being within hearing of the *end* of the *Far West* inspired the heart of every member of our company with a patriotic feeling of his country's honor, and all were eager to lose no time until they should behold what they had heard."

Perhaps nobody ever again will have quite the feelings that Joe Walker and his men did when they came to the very *end* of the *Far West*. Now it is so much easier to get there and we know so well what to expect that some of the excitement is gone, but certainly not all of it. No matter how they may have crossed the continent—by train, by jet or meandering along Old Route 40—there can be few travelers so dull as to be unmoved when they first come to the edge of the great Western ocean. At the very least, there are powerful feelings about how far this is from the Boardwalk of Atlantic City and how much lies between. **END**

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About the only American Leaguers who do not rate Cleveland's Frank Robinson highly as a manager are the umpires, who wish he would sit down and shut up

Umps have given him the grumps

It was a rare moment for Frank Robinson. Although the subject under discussion was umpires, the Cleveland manager was actually smiling. Someone had just recalled the time Leo Durocher kicked Jocko Conlan in the shin guards, only to have Conlan kick him back. "Those were the good old days," Robinson said. "You kicked an umpire and he kicked you back. Now all they do is throw you out."

As much as he may have wanted to kick an umpire in his first year and a half as a manager, Robinson has not given in to the urge. Oh, he did shove Jerry Neudecker once, and that cost him $250 and a three-day suspension. Until a better opportunity comes along, the shove will have to do. But his failure to lay the toe of his spikes on an ump's epidermis notwithstanding, it is clear that Robinson does not get along with umpires very well.

With only three ejections in 19 years, Robinson never had much trouble as a player. That changed when he became baseball's first black manager. He has even said it was *because* he became the first black manager.

Robinson was run out of three games last year—and already has matched that number this season. American League umpires consider him a complainer, a constant arguer, a picker of nits. His feelings for them were made clear in *Frank*, a recently published diary of Robinson's first season as a manager: "By the nature of their job, umpires are dictators. If nobody is allowed to challenge their decisions, they soon begin to think that everything they call has to be correct, just because they have called it."

Midway through last season, Robinson resolved to muzzle himself. It did not improve his reputation among the umpires (half of whom were steaming at the low ratings he gave them in an interview with Cleveland reporter Russ Schneider), but it did keep him from being thrown out of any more games. "I decided what's the use," he says. "It wasn't getting me anywhere. And I may have been hurting the team more than I was helping it." Perhaps coincidentally, the Indians began playing much better and, with a 47-39 record over the last three months of the season, finished only one game below .500.

Robinson seemed repentant in spring training this year. "The most important thing I had to learn was patience," he said. "I think I took some of my impatience out on the umpires, but I've learned to live and let live. I know I can't be out there arguing about every little penny-ante thing. But when it's important, I'll be out there."

True to his word, Robinson has generally been cooling it this season, and his improving young Indians were one game over .500 at the end of last week. Excellent pitching, especially by the bullpen led by Lefthander Dave LaRoche, has boosted the team from fourth, where it finished a year ago, to second, nine games behind New York. And Robinson, whose managing talents were already drawing quiet compliments from baseball's insiders at the end of last season, now is gaining recognition as one of the game's best teacher-strategists. Everything would seem to be progressing very nicely except for the development of—uh, oh—more umpire trouble. Unlike last season, it is not merely Robinson vs. all the arbiters, now it is Robinson and his players and coaches vs. the four-man crew of Lou DiMuro, Richie Garcia, Bill Kunkel and David Phillips.

Cleveland has won eight of the 15 games the DiMuro crew has worked this year—no gripe there. What upsets Robinson is that 12 of his team's 13 ejections occurred in six of the games those four umpired. Ironically, Robinson considers three of them to be among the

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VOLVO. THE CAR FOR PEOPLE WHO THINK.

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better umpires in the league. He calls crew chief DiMuro one of the worst—but it is the other three who have made all the ejections.

The Cleveland front office has reacted strongly. Referring to the "Prussian-like attitude" of the four umpires, General Manager Phil Seghi a month ago requested that they not be assigned to any more Indians games. When the league refused to cancel an assignment for the DiMuro crew to work an Indians-Rangers series in Texas, President Ted Bonda erupted, "There is no doubt in my mind they have a psychological malice against our team." Robinson ordered a $100-a-word fine for any player or coach who said anything to the umpires. He would break the silence himself, he said, only if a rules question arose. The two games were played without incident, Cleveland winning one, but the Indians felt they were put in an unfair position.

"It makes it tough when you can't get a gripe off your chest," says Third Baseman Buddy Bell, the team's leading hitter with a .315 average and one of six players to be tossed out this year. (The other ejectees were Robinson and two of his coaches.) "It's gotten so you can't even have a normal conversation with those guys. If you say anything at all they act like you're trying to show them up and they throw you out. Normally, they are a good crew, but so much has happened, it's hard to be objective anymore."

The Indians feel DiMuro's group has a grudge against them, a bias that is reflected in their attitude and their calls. Naturally, the umpires say they do not. "We're certainly not out to get the Indians, and we never have been," says Phillips. Other umpires contend it is Robinson who bears grudges. Art Frantz, who was severely criticized in Robinson's ratings last season, says, "Frank should take a lesson from Detroit's Ralph Houk and learn to put things behind him. If I carried grudges, I couldn't umpire." Robinson counters it would be even more unusual if an umpire did *not* react to things said and done during an argument. "Those guys are human beings, just like the rest of us," he says. "You can't tell me they can be involved in a really heated argument one night, then just forget all about it the next." Robinson charged last year that Kunkel once threatened to "stick it to" Pitcher Tom Buskey the next time Buskey pitched and he was umpiring behind the plate. Kunkel says, "Ridiculous."

Cleveland has not gotten much sympathy from the American League. Robinson lost one appeal following the shoving incident last season, and Coach Rocky Colavito probably will lose another resulting from a similar confrontation (with Garcia) this year. The league's supervisor of umpires, Dick Butler, does not dismiss the possibility of scheduling the DiMuro crew for more Cleveland games later this season, although by coincidence or judicious design the foursome has not been listed to work any Indian games during July.

Robinson believes his three run-ins demonstrate how bad the problem is. The first involved Garcia on May 3. "I was getting on him from the dugout, but I wasn't cussing him," Robinson says. "Then in the eighth inning, he looks over at me and says I'm gone. I asked him why, and he said he was tired of hearing me yell at him. Phillips threw me out in New York when I was on the field talking to DiMuro. Then Kunkel got me in Chicago when I wasn't saying anything to anybody. I was angry about some calls, but I was sitting in the dugout, waving a towel real hard back and forth. I let go—accidentally—and tried to catch it by kicking at it with my foot. Instead, it landed on the dugout roof, which can happen there because the roof doesn't extend completely over the dugout. Anyway, Kunkel ran *me*, because he said I was just looking to be thrown out. Not one of those ejections would have happened with another crew."

Robinson's version of the three incidents is hardly indisputable. But the fact remains that all but one of the Indians' ejections this year have involved DiMuro's crew, which has thrown out only 11 members of the 11 other American League teams. That, the manager insists, cannot be just happenstance.

Although the Indians could only split a four-game series in New York last week, they haven't given up hopes of catching the Yankees. "Last year I wanted to finish at .500, because no Cleveland team has done that since 1968," says Robinson. "But this season that won't be enough. If we get some timely hitting, we'll have a chance. I just wish we could go out and play baseball, and not have those umpires take away what we're trying to do."

This time Robinson was not smiling.

THE WEEK

(June 20-26)

by JOE MARSHALL

AL EAST The Yankees were not sure they wanted to return home after opening a 5-2 week with a 6–3 win in Chicago. That gave them a sweep of a six-game road trip and a 22-6 season record away from home. They were 15-16 at Yankee Stadium. "Maybe we should be a team without a home park," said Pitcher Dock Ellis, making a suggestion that could have saved financially beleaguered New York City the $100 million or so it cost to refurbish the Stadium. There seemed to be real cause for concern about the Stadiumitis after the Yankees had lost two of the first three games in a four-game series with second-place Cleveland (4-3) and blown a 5–0 lead in the finale. Then Mickey Rivers' fourth hit of that game drove in a ninth-inning run to give New York a 6–5 win. The Yanks promptly took two more from Milwaukee to open their biggest first-place lead—eight games—since 1963.

The defending Eastern champion Red Sox (3-4) were bickering. The animosity of other Sox toward Carlton Fisk, Rick Burleson and Fred Lynn, all unsigned and all represented by agent Jerry Kapstein, was evident. Burleson and Jim Rice got into a shoving match and had to be separated by Coach Don Zimmer and captain Carl Yastrzemski. Then Yaz failed to appear when the rest of the Red Sox posed for the team picture. No reason was given for his absence. All this—and a fourth-place standing, 10 games behind New York—left Manager Darrell Johnson on thin ice; Zimmer is reportedly the heir apparent.

The Orioles (4-2) took two of three from the Red Sox, including a 3–2 victory that Bobby Grich won with a 10th-inning, two-run homer, and by week's end had reached .500, a game and a half ahead of Boston. Surprising Wayne Garland, a reliever before the recent 10-player trade with the Yankees that depleted the Orioles' rotation, won two complete games to bring his record to 8-0.

The Tigers (5-2) may not be contenders right now, but they are getting encouragement for the future from two rookies, Pitcher Mark Fidrych and First Baseman Jason Thompson. Fidrych, who has a 2.19 ERA, won two more starts to bring his record to 7-1. In both games he received home-run support from Thompson, who now has nine homers to lead Detroit in that category.

Milwaukee was 1-5 for the week and GM Jim Baumer criticized George Scott, last season's league RBI leader, for subpar hitting. Then Manager Alex Grammas demoted The Boomer from fourth to sixth in the batting

order for a game against Detroit. Scott, who started the night with a .252 average, 32 runs batted in and six homers, responded with a home run, two singles, two RBIs and some words of his own. "Quote me as saying that he [Baumer] can get on a uniform and come down here and play himself," he said. "I think my talent enables me to play baseball anywhere in Ameriea or anywhere out of America. . . . If you don't like the way I'm producing, then, hey, get rid of me. Nobody's got any strings attached here."

NY 41-24 CLEV 33-32 BALT 33-33
BOS 31-34 DET 31-35 MIL 29-37

AL WEST The A's won four of seven and gained two games on division-leading Kansas City, but there was no joy in Oakland. Owner Charles O. Finley named Commissioner Bowie Kuhn as the chief defendant in a $10 million lawsuit arising out of Kuhn's voiding two weeks ago of the $3.5 million sale of three Oakland stars, Pitcher Vida Blue (to the Yankees) and Reliever Rollie Fingers and Outfielder Joe Rudi (both to the Red Sox). And when Finley failed to put Blue, Fingers and Rudi back in uniform, Kuhn told him to reinstate the players. Finley did so, but refused to allow the trio to appear in any games. Then Oakland's other players agreed to strike if Finley continued to keep Blue, Fingers and Rudi on the bench. Finley threatened to bring up the Tucson Toros, his Pacific Coast League affiliate, if the A's struck, whereupon the owner of the Salt Lake City Gulls of the PCL threatened to sue Finley if he was left without an opponent. That helped persuade Finley to drop his idea of using minor-leaguers. The next day he acceded to the demands of Kuhn and the A's players and permitted Manager Chuck Tanner to start using Blue, Fingers and Rudi on a regular basis. That would seem to settle the dispute until Aug. 2, when the court is scheduled to begin hearing Finley's suit against Kuhn.

Bert Blyleven, whose $300,000 sale by Minnesota to Texas *was* approved by the commissioner, won his first two games for the Rangers (5-3) after three successive losses. Both victories came by 1-0 scores in 10 innings, and in one of them Blyleven gave up only one hit.

Kansas City's losing streak reached six when the Royals dropped a two-game series to Texas, but as soon as the Rangers' Manager Frank Lucchesi said, "Their team has done a complete turnabout. . . . Our guys think they can be had," the Royals (2-5) perked up and took two from the Angels (2-5). In the first victory, John Mayberry, a warm-weather hitter, broke out of a 2-for-20 slump with two homers and five RBIs. He added another RBI the next night as Marty Pattin and Steve Mingori combined for a one-hit shutout.

The White Sox (5-4) stopped a 10-game losing streak with a four-game winning streak. Minnesota won three of eight as Rod Carew, American League batting champion the last four seasons, collected 15 hits, including a grand slam homer, and moved his average up to .327, fifth best in the league.

KC 41-29 TEX 38-28 OAK 34-36
CHI 32-38 MINN 32-36 CAL 28-44

NL EAST Philadelphia (5-2) downed World Champion Cincinnati three times to run its record against the Reds this season to 6-2. Particularly effective was Ron Reed, a reliever who dreams of starting. But he has been so strong in relief that he cannot escape the bullpen. Reed won one of the games against Cincy on two scoreless innings of relief and helped preserve another. He took over with the bases loaded and none out in the sixth inning, struck out Tony Perez and Johnny Bench and induced Ken Griffey to hit a routine fly ball. Philadelphia has already drawn more than a million spectators, and the normally cantankerous fans are getting downright appreciative. They gave Dick Allen, once the favorite target of their boos, such a long ovation after his second home run in a 12–4 win over the Cardinals that the umpire finally waved him out of the dugout to take a bow. Allen had been in a 0-for-9 slump, but when a car door slammed on his right hand, he promptly went on a 5-for-8 streak that included three homers, two doubles and six RBIs. Still, Reds' Manager Sparky Anderson remained unconvinced by the Phillies. "There are a lot of games left," he said. "Pittsburgh will be heard from before it's over."

Perhaps. The Pirates (3-3) blew a 4–1 lead while losing 9–4 to Houston, then dropped a game to Chicago 6–5 when five errors allowed five unearned runs. Willie Stargell hit his 378th home run and moved up to 20th on the alltime homer list, one ahead of Norm Cash.

The Cubs' pitching staff, which has given up an average of 10 hits a game, reached a new low when it allowed the punchless Mets (3-3) 27 hits and 17 runs in two straight losses at the end of a 2-4 week. New York's Mike Phillips ended an 0-for-22 streak against Chicago pitching by hitting for the cycle, Dave Kingman crashed his 24th and 25th home runs and John Milner, who was benched for not running out a pop fly in the first Chicago game, came back with a grand slam in the second.

St. Louis split six games, while last-place Montreal dropped six of eight. The Expo pitching was weak, the hitting feeble (.234) and the fielding shoddy (11 errors).

PHIL 47-20 PITT 38-28 NY 36-37
ST.L 31-38 CHI 30-39 MONT 23-41

NL WEST The surging Braves won seven of nine games, one of them Andy Messersmith's fifth successive complete-game victory. To help Atlanta pitchers who can't go the route, the Braves acquired Reliever Mike Marshall from Los Angeles in exchange for Lee Lacy and Elias Sosa. Marshall was having a mediocre year—eight saves, a 4-3 record and a 4.43 ERA—but prior to his arrival the entire Atlanta staff had only 10 saves. Marshall promptly saved a win over San Diego for Roger Moret, but the next day was charged with a loss when he surrendered a two-run homer to the Padres' Jerry Turner. Rowland Office had his hitting streak stopped at 29 games by Montreal's Don Stanhouse.

Sixth-place San Francisco (6-2) had five wins in a row. First Baseman Darrell Evans, who was hitting .173 when he was acquired by the Giants two weeks ago, pounded out two homers, a triple and three doubles and drove in eight runs.

San Diego (4-5) started out with three straight wins, then dropped four in a row, including a 7–6, 8–7 doubleheader loss to the Giants during which the Padres outhit San Francisco 31 to 17. Randy Jones won his 13th game with a four-hitter, but later was unable to pick up his 14th, despite holding a seventh-inning 7–1 lead over the Braves. Jones did tie Christy Mathewson's National League record of 68 consecutive innings without a walk before issuing a pass to the Giants' Marc Hill.

PLAYER OF THE WEEK

MICKEY RIVERS: *The Yankees' speedy centerfielder hit .500, won one game with a home run and another by beating out a high chop with the bases loaded, twice had four hits in a game and raised his season's batting average to .324.*

The Padres' three wins moved them briefly in front of Los Angeles (2-5), giving San Diego President Buzzie Bavasi, who used to work for the Dodgers, "one of my biggest thrills in baseball." Bavasi's excitement was short-lived as the Dodgers scored a two-game sweep over Houston (3-4) and moved back into second.

Cincinnati (3-4) was hobbled with injuries to Johnny Bench and Joe Morgan and had George Foster on the sick list, but swept a two-game series from the Dodgers to keep LA at bay. When ex-Red farmhand Joaquin Andujar two-hit his former teammates for Houston earlier in the year, Manager Sparky Anderson, predicting that it would not happen again, said, "Every dog has his day." Last week Andujar shut out the Reds 3–0.

CIN 43-28 LA 39-33 SD 37-34
ATL 33-38 HOUS 32-39 SF 30-44

Molly made the team—so did Betsy

And so did men with men's names in Trials that produced few upsets

"Wrestling is a lot like chess," said Wayne Baughman, coach of the Olympic freestyle team, during last week's final Trials at Brockport (N.Y.) State College. "You're simultaneously on offense and defense in each sport, planning three moves ahead and also figuring what your opponent might do."

It is perhaps no coincidence then that a number of Baughman's wrestlers play chess, though as things worked out, some of them won and some were mated. Preliminary Trials in Cleveland last month had whittled the number of contenders at each weight to eight. At Brockport the scheme was for contenders ranked second through eighth to fight a series of elimination matches until just one was left to challenge the top qualifier from Cleveland in a best-of-three series.

In seven of the 10 Olympic weight classes, when the eliminations were over the survivor had already lost to the first-place finisher in Cleveland. That meant that the No. 1 man had to win just once more in the finals to take the best-of-three. In the three other divisions the top qualifier had not beaten the No. 2 man, so whoever won twice in last Tuesday's encounters would advance to Montreal.

In the first finals bout, quick and slick Bill (Rat) Rosado, 20, of Tucson, beat the youngest finalist, Mike Farina, 18, a state high school champion this year from Elmhurst, Ill. Rosado got six takedowns and won 7–2 in a 105.5-pound match. Later in the day he won again, 7–3, to lock up a trip to Montreal.

The Trials' biggest surprise took shape in the next bout, in which Joe Corso, 24, a chess player who is working on his masters in physiology at Purdue, faced Jimmy Carr, a 1972 Olympian, at 125.5 pounds. Corso had already fought six times *in* Brockport, *including* a full best-of-three match the day before against rugged Jan Gitcho of Granite City, Ill. Corso had begun by losing his first match to Gitcho and was *trailing* 4–2 at the start of the third and final three-minute period of their second. At that point, Corso began a remarkable comeback. Attacking relentlessly, he pulled out a 6–4 decision in that one, and then took the decider 10–5. "I'm dead," said Gitcho afterward.

Very much alive, Corso then had to face Carr, the youngest U.S. Olympic wrestler when he went to Munich at age 17. Ahead 1–0 in the best-of-three by virtue of his win over Corso in Cleveland, Carr led 11–7 late *in* their *first* Brockport meeting. Facing elimination, Corso thought out a combination several moves ahead and pinned Carr with just 15 seconds left. "I started the final flurry with a bear hug," said Corso, "got a Turk ride on him and then went to work on his head to get the pin." When he met Carr again, that evening, he sealed his upset with a 13–8 win.

The favorite at 163 pounds also lost, though in quite different circumstances. Wade (Plastic Man) Schalles, 24, formerly of Clarion (Pa.) State and first at Cleveland, was facing Stan Dziedzic, 26, the assistant coach at Michigan State. Schalles scored two quick points with a reverse fireman's carry that briefly exposed Dziedzic's shoulder to the mat in the opening moments. But as the two of them thumped heavily to the mat, Schalles landed awkwardly on his head. Despite being in excruciating pain from four cracked vertebrae, Schalles wrestled for another eight minutes before nearly collapsing: he was disqualified for stalling. Fifteen minutes later, with his neck held *in* a protective brace, he was taken to a hospital. When the crowd was told the extent of Schalles' injury, they gave him a standing ovation.

In the evening, before a packed house of 2,500, Jim Haines of Arcadia, Wis., buzz-sawed his way past Mark Mesnyk, of the University of Iowa, 11–1, to earn the berth at 114.5 pounds, and Gene Davis, 30, coach of the Athletes in Action West team, whipped Jim Humphrey of Columbus, Ohio 10–3 at 136.5 pounds. Davis, a 1972 Olympian, came up with the most spectacular move of the night, grabbing Humphrey's arm, kicking his feet from under him and hurtling him through the air.

Marine Lieut. Lloyd Keaser, 26, needed two wins over Larry Morgan, 24, who had defeated him in Cleveland at 149.5 pounds. The 1973 world champion got them both, leading 7–1 when Morgan was disqualified for stalling, then prevailing 5–1.

Next it was time for a pair of brothers from Comstock, Wis. named Molly and Betsy, both medalists in Munich. John (Molly) Peterson, 26, now coach of the AIA East squad, had won a silver at 180.5 pounds, and his brother Ben (Betsy), 25, had won the gold at 198 pounds. When they got back from the Olympics, the two were honored in Comstock, where the population is, according to Molly's estimate, "Close to 100 now that there's a trailer court." In Brockport, John manhandled Larry Zilverberg of the University of Minnesota 21–2. And Ben, despite suffering a mild concussion, disposed of Laurent Soucie of the University of Wisconsin 8–3.

When the Petersons had departed, eight-time national 220-pound titlist Russ Hellickson, 28, an assistant coach at the University of Wisconsin, proved too much for Larry Bielenberg of Oregon State, winning 7–3.

That left it to the heavyweights. Mike McCready, 25, a 260-pounder, now assistant coach at Northern Iowa, and 6′5″, 340-pound Jimmy Jackson, 19, this year's NCAA champion from Oklahoma State. Jackson had lost to McCready in Cleveland, but took the first match 2–1 and then finished McCready off with a pin in the second.

"We don't have superstuds like Dan Gable and Wayne Wells," said Coach Baughman afterward, alluding to two gold medalists of 1972, when the U.S. made a superb showing by taking three golds, two silvers and a bronze. Yet Baughman was not just blowing smoke when he added, "We have seven wrestlers who could win medals: Corso, Davis, Keaser, Dziedzic, the Petersons and Hellickson." All of them proved at Brockport that they are in fine condition, have strength and know how to plan ahead. END

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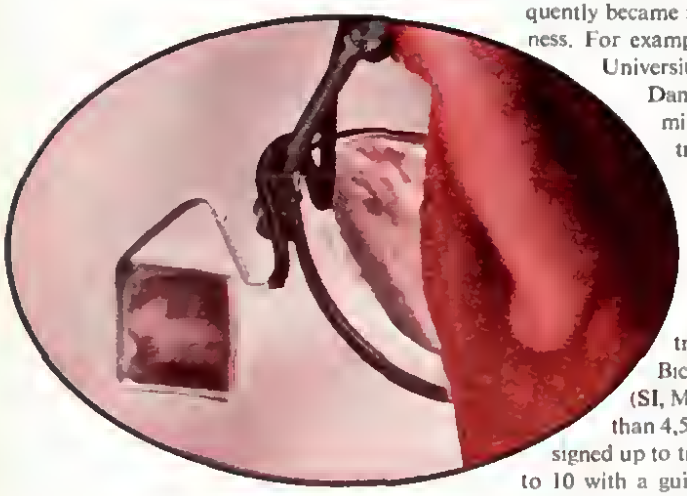
In the wake of the bike boom, an accessory avalanche



Everything from rearview specs to cushy saddles is purveyed by an industry thriving on cyclists' needs

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JAMES DRAKE

By 1974, for the first time since World War I, more bicycles than automobiles were being sold in the United States, and this year it is estimated that there will be more than 100 million cyclists on our roads and bypaths. Surprisingly, the bike-equipment industry has been slow on the uptake. Until the early 1970s it was as far behind as the ski-wear industry was in the '50s. There was no one in the U.S. to tell a couple of million neophyte 10-speed bicycle riders about chamois for the fanny and cleats for the feet. Only the experts, the track and road racers, had a pipeline to Europe, where the design of cycling equipment had long been a science. We caught on, however. At the International Cycle Show in New York last February there were more than 300 exhibitors of clothing and equipment and organizers of tours and such.

A number of these people had gotten so hooked on bicycling that they consequently became involved in it as a business. For example, after attending the University of Montana, Lys and Dan Burden biked 9,000 miles from Alaska to Central America. On their return they decided to share their experience in the adventure of touring, and so they and a small staff devised the cross-country (Oregon to Virginia) Bicentennial Bicycle Tour (SI, March 1). This year more than 4,500 people have already signed up to travel in groups of eight to 10 with a guide-leader, or independently, if they choose.

Another couple, Jean and Hartley Alley, were a working photographer-writer team 15 years ago when they spent six weeks doing a bicycle story. When they finished they had seven bikes between them and had learned a good deal about cycling. They now own and operate a thriving mail-order business, The Touring Cyclist Shop, in Boulder, Colo., where they specialize in helping bikers select equipment for touring. The bikes on the opposite page are packed with their custom-made panniers (a sort of bag that fits over the rear wheel) as well as others they call Handlebar and Daytripper bags and a cylindrical carryall. The waterproof nylon duck panniers can be zipped together when off the bike and used as regular luggage. Each pair has 10 compartments, weighs one pound three ounces and costs $52.50. The front Handlebar bag, excellent for day touring, has 11 compartments, designed to hold sunglasses, clothing, food, maps, camera, film, etc. Several pockets have Velcro fasteners instead of zippers for quick accessibility while cycling. On top are a map and a compass. "If you've ever toured in France, England or the Black Forest in Germany," Alley says, "you know the roads look like a bunch of worms on your map. On days when there isn't any sun you need a compass to check your heading." He advises riders to limit weight in a Handlebar bag to eight pounds or less, as an overloaded bag affects the way the bike handles. The Handlebar costs $50.

The small oblong bag on the rear of the bike is the Daytripper. Alley suggests that this be permanently packed with tools and spare parts, a rain suit and a windbreaker or sweater. It sells for $12. The cylindrical red pack on the rear of the bike is a carryall for either a tent or a down sleeping bag. It can also hold a suit, shirt, tie and street shoes for the bike commuter. It comes in two sizes, at $16 and $20.

Alley advises bike tourers to make a packing list and weigh everything. "The dumbest thing to do is carry too much," he says. "You can wash things along the way at night." The maximum load for any kind of tour should not exceed 35 pounds.

continued

Geared up: The navy cotton and grey wool warmups and the nylon and fishnet-backed windbreaker are by Cool Gear. Touring bags for day trips and cross-country biking are custom-made by The Touring Cyclist Shop.

HOOD

Here are some of Alley's clothing suggestions for a weekend, a month or six-month trip: a cashmere or other soft, compressible sweater; a breathable windbreaker; wool chamois-lined shorts; cycling gloves; bike shoes; two bright-colored (for safety) cycling jerseys with pockets in the back for small extras; yellow or orange rain suit (rather than a poncho or cape that can sometimes act like a sail and be dangerous); leg and arm warmers that slip off and on easily and weigh very little. If you have room, a sweat suit is handy. Those made specially for cycling come in cotton or wool and have padding in the seat, but are worn over chamois-lined pants nevertheless. The legs are very narrow, with zippers at the bottom. A white cycling cap reflects heat and the sweatband keeps perspiration from getting into one's eyes. To observe traffic and riders behind you, there are miniature rearview mirrors that clip onto sunglasses or cap.

Helmets are strongly recommended. All the leaders in the Bicentennial Tour are required to wear them, and Alley says, "I've started wearing one again. You get a lot of resistance, though. People say, 'Gee, I look horrible,' or, 'When you're going fast it whistles in your ears.' But believe me, even the best riders fall. Dogs run out in front of bikes or a front wheel begins to shimmy on a fast curve, and when you put a bike on a street with a motor vehicle the bike never wins." Bell Helmets Inc. has been manufacturing protective headwear for more than 20 years, and its new bicycle helmet weighs only one pound two ounces. It was tested for two years by touring riders, racers, coaches and doctors. The design provides maximum protection and ventilation. There are 12 scooped vents to keep an airflow throughout the helmet, the straps do not interfere with peripheral vision and it rides high enough in front so a biker doesn't have to raise his head to see. The outer shell is of high-impact Lexan, a material that provides the greatest degree of strength for weight, and the inner shell is shock-absorbing polystyrene. It costs $32.50.

The Burdens and the Alleys were cyclists first and business people second. Dave Jacobs, who makes Cool Gear bicycle clothes and is probably the largest supplier in this country, was a businessman who turned bike racer. A former Canadian Alpine ski coach who also manufactures children's ski wear, Jacobs saw his first bicycle shirts on a trip to Japan in 1971 and knew he was onto something. He took one to a bicycle shop in Boulder, and they thought it was great. "I went home and translated the prices from a Japanese brochure, cut out the pictures, transposed them to my letterhead and went back and said, 'This is my line.' When they wanted to distribute them to a 10-state area I realized no one else in the U.S. was selling cycling jerseys nationally. You had to write to Belgium, France or Italy and wait 90 days for them to be delivered. Since 1972 we've sold between 20,000 and 25,000 shirts and more than 10,000 pants—and our delivery time is one week."

His gear is intended for recreational riders and bike tourers as well as racers. "We couldn't be in business just supplying racers," he says. "The racers are our testing program. If we make products that they use and like, then the touring cyclist should like them, too. And we get a lot of mail from people with ideas. Bikers are very precise. They like to get into specifics. A 'bikie' is a bike freak, not necessarily into racing, but into the technical aspects of the sport. One of our Colorado racers helped us develop a totally new concept in a shirt. When it's, say, 40° out and you're going 25 mph, the effective temperature is near zero. People used to stuff the fronts of their shirts with newspapers. Now we've developed a zippered shirt with a urethane-coated nylon front that is impervious to air. If the whole shirt were like that, it would be like wearing a wet suit, so the back is open mesh, like fishnet. This vents the heat so there is no moisture collection inside. The shirt costs $16.25. The racer who developed it is an IBM guy who likes bicycling and thinks about it a lot."

Jacobs has been racing for two years, and sponsors a team as well. Every day at noon he and three or four of his employees, several of whom are racers, ride 30 to 40 miles. Then they shower and change at the plant and brown-bag it for lunch.

Steve Woznick, the Pan-Am Games sprint champion, emphasizes that one must take care to choose clothing that is both efficient and protective of the three areas where the body touches the bike—the feet, the seat and the hands. "Most people don't realize how shoes with cleats hook onto the pedals," he says. "They don't know that, with cleats, when you push down on one pedal you pull up with the other with equal power. This will give a rider twice the power of a person wearing sneakers. The stiffer the shoe the better, because when the instep is rigid it keeps the arch from flexing and all the pressure goes to the pedals. The chamois-lined wool bicycle pants are very important. If you ride 20 miles or more you'll discover that jean fabric doesn't stretch. And seams become abrasive. Even underwear binds and bunches up while you're riding. One doesn't need underwear, because the chamois acts, and feels, like a second skin, and it prevents chafing of the legs.

"A fall can ruin your palms if they aren't protected by padded gloves. The best kind of glove is made of leather with crocheting on top for ventilation and for wiping your brow. The padding in the palms also helps absorb road shocks and vibrations. Some doctors claim it helps prevent numbness in your hands and arms from the continuous pressure on long rides."

Dave Jacobs had one of the better ideas when he decided it was time to adjust bike seats to the body and not vice versa. For years riders have had to oil bike seats, hoping that would soften them up sufficiently. Jacobs' alternative, called The Seat, is reshaped and redesigned in molded polyurethane, with varying thicknesses of a foamlike material located under areas where the pelvic bones receive—and exert—the most pressure.

So, from beginning to end, rider comfort and safety are of primary interest to a new sporting industry in the U.S., and for millions of bikies these products have become available none too soon. It's a long way from Oregon to Virginia. **END**

Racer Bill Lehman's biking essentials include special shoes, pants, gloves and long shirt with handy back pocket, by Cool Gear. Below are shirts from Medalist Industries. Their new helmet gets a tryout from bike racer and Olympic speed-skating champion Sheila Young.

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Overpowering a bad draw

Being last in his section of a bizarre lottery devised to allocate starting spots in the Schaefer 500 did not prevent Al Unser from winning

Maybe it's those fumes, or the gobs of money, or the brain-frying speeds, but some ingredient in Championship Trail racing produces more guerrilla-fighter nerves in the average car or pit area than you could have found at Little Round Top. Fights, shattered friendships, bankruptcies, rubber checks, lawsuits and subpoenas are not unknown. Teeth have been bared, knuckles scuffed and lawyers made rich in contretemps over rules interpretations, prize money, driver contracts, engine cheating, wheel widths and even the weather. Yes, even isotherms and pressure cells have become a source of racing tension.

You will of course recall the recent water follies at Indianapolis, wherein Johnny Rutherford stroked to an unexpectedly easy, abbreviated victory ahead of a furiously splashing A.J Foyt. That marked the third time in the past four Indys that the outcome had been affected by rain. The same nimbus shadows have spread across the big 2.5-mile tri-oval at Mt Pocono, Pa., where the United States Auto Club contests the second of its three 500-mile extravaganzas each summer (the remaining race is held at the smog-beset but rain-free Ontario Motor Speedway in California). Since the Pocono track opened in 1971, three of its six 500s have been disrupted by the weather In 1972 Hurricane Agnes forced the race to be delayed for two months. Last year rain stopped proceedings at 425 miles. This year the weather brought Pocono still more frustration. Qualifying, designed as a neatly contained one-day event to hype the race a week hence, was drowned in a sullen downpour. Only a pair of chronic back markers, Dick Simon and Al Loquasto, managed to qualify, both at speeds more than 10 mph slower than A.J. Foyt's best practice times.

The rain persisted the following day, creating the stark prospect that the Schaefer 500 (as the event is officially called) might be run without the presence of local hero Mario Andretti. No matter how officials juggled qualifying, the simple fact was that Mario would be gone the entire week, testing a Lotus Grand Prix car in France, and would not return until hours before the race Still, this campaign-weary veteran, in the opinion of many the most versatile race driver in the world, is a resident of nearby Nazareth and a gate attraction of Ruthian stature in eastern Pennsylvania. Moreover, he is running the USAC 500-milers this season with Roger Penske, the one-man conglomerate whose headquarters are in Reading, only a few score miles down the interstate from Pocono. The idea of Andretti and his Penske McLaren being absent from a major spectacle in Pennsylvania ("Penskevania" to rival race teams) would be about as exciting as *King Kong* with a rhesus monkey in the title role.

Poring through the USAC rule book, the race promoters came upon a saving provision whereby a starting field could be selected by a complicated lottery system. Laughing defiantly at the clouds above, they set out to create the 33-car grid without so much as cranking over an engine—thus guaranteeing a starting spot for the absent Andretti and the heartwarming rhythm of clicking turnstiles. Fourteen drivers were placed in "protected positions," assuring them starting places. These were former 500-mile race winners, former national champions and those ranking high in the point standings, and included virtually all the headliners: Foyt, Rutherford, Al and Bobby Unser, Gordon Johncock, Pancho Carter, Mike Mosley (fresh from dominating the recent Milwaukee race) and Andretti Simon and Loquasto were also locked in, leaving another 19 drivers to draw separately for 14 remaining positions. Of the 38 official entries the five losers in the draw would then get a chance to make conventional qualifying attempts for the three last-row spots.

Everybody puzzled over this strange procedure for a while, then began to applaud the system or scream bloody murder, depending on their luck in the lottery. Johnny Parsons Jr., the son of the 1950 Indy winner, smiled the broadest. He drew the pole position—the first time in his eight-year big-car career he had been within sniffing distance of that slot. With him in the front row would be Billy Vukovich and none other than Andretti Perhaps this fortuitous draw would trigger a change in the despicable luck that has dogged Mario in recent years.

People have tended to forget that, burdened as he has been by endless tours in slow and unreliable cars, this personable, intensely competitive driver—now 36 years old and chunkier, richer and more subdued than when he burst on the racing scene 12 years ago—has won more USAC big-car races than any other man in history except Foyt. The sad part is that of his 32 career victories only two

continued

MARIO ANDRETTI WAS LUCKY TOO SOON

ANDRETTI STILL HAD HOPES OF CATCHING UNSER UNTIL 15 LAPS FROM THE FINISH

have come since 1970, none since 1973.

But now Andretti's fortunes appeared to be on the rise again. He arrived at the Pocono garage area early Sunday morning, burrowing through mobs of admirers and autograph-seekers in a blue Ford van loaded with his family. Looking fresh-faced and relaxed despite a mad transatlantic rush to make the race, he briefly checked with car owner Penske, then fled to the cool solitude of his motor home. "I've been like a new man," he said, referring to his contracts with Colin Chapman's JPS Lotus team in Formula 1 and with Penske's USAC organization. "Roger knows where he's going and what he's doing every minute. All I have to do is drive. And there's a new spirit at Lotus, too. We've got a strong car that's getting all its power on the ground and the brakes are great. With a few little changes we'll be very tough. Chapman is a winner. Like me."

Propping his bare feet on a thickly upholstered couch, Andretti mused about the race that was about to begin. "This is a track that demands a balanced car. A little bit of understeer or oversteer can make you look like a chump. I probably won't be able to figure out the right tire combination until the first stop." He acknowledged that Foyt, using the same car he drove to victory at Pocono last year, would have a decided advantage at the start, but Andretti seemed devoid of the brooding, rather defensive attitude that had haunted him in recent years.

None of the "protected" drivers had much to complain about following the lottery. "It's basically fair," said Foyt. "There wasn't much they could do, and besides, it's a 500-miler and it don't really much matter where you start." A.J. could afford to be sanguine about the situation. After all he was in the fifth starting position and had been the only man to exceed 185 mph in practice. That gave him and the flat, wedge-shaped Coyote that had served as his back-up car at Indy a two-mph advantage over the next-fastest car. "I'll tell you, though," he confessed later, "I was so afraid of pulling that last spot that I didn't even show up for the drawing."

"I knew I'd get last," said car owner Parnelli Jones, "and I did." His driver, Al Unser—who with Jones, Andretti, the retired Joe Leonard, legions of designers, mechanics, P.R. men and high-dollar sponsors formed the "Super Team" of the early 1970s—started his tiny, sweet-sounding turbocharged Cosworth V-8 in the 16th and last "protected" spot.

The complaints rose from the rear. Several of the drivers, mostly manning aged, feeble machinery, whined that they had been cheated out of a chance for a higher place in the starting field. Others groused about the capriciousness of the draw that awarded Janet Guthrie in a Vollstedt-Offy—perhaps the slowest car-driver combination since Jack Benny and his Maxwell—22nd place in the field. A top USAC man was overheard saying, "There's no question that she's the slowest in the field. I predict she'll be last at the end of the first lap."

He was wrong. Guthrie only lost six places on the initial circuit and defied his prediction. (She did, however, cruise at or near the back for 89 pit-stop-punctuated laps before retiring shortly after the leaders passed half distance.)

The race was unleashed under glistening blue skies, dappled with puffy cumulus clouds that seemed to purify the moment and scrub the acrimony and confusion over qualifying. Andretti held the lead for the first six laps, then was overpowered by Foyt, who clearly did have the fastest car. Suddenly, Al Unser thrust his way to the front, mightily aided by the booming 830 hp of his Cosworth-Ford (as compared with 770-780 hp for the best of the turbo-Offenhausers) and a developing sickness in Foyt's own 810-hp V-8. Later Foyt said, "When a V-8 gets running bad, it's like it's in labor. It's only a matter of time before everything goes."

Once Foyt was gone, there was no one on the track who could seriously compete with Unser in terms of raw speed. So strong was his car that he was able to overcome such vagaries as an agonizingly long pit stop prompted by a malfunctioning air jack and the disintegration of his left rear tire at over 200 mph. "I was passing Janet Guthrie when it happened. I think I cut my tire on something that fell off her car," said Unser after the race.

"Maybe it was her purse," hooted Parnelli Jones.

As it turned out, Al's triumph was not to be a runaway. Owing to Mosley's wonderfully rapid driving in the final laps and a decision of the Cosworth-Ford to shed a manifold piece five laps from the end, Unser won by a mere 3.4 seconds, bringing the 80,000 spectators to their feet at the finish.

With 15 laps to go, Andretti seemed to have at least third place in his pocket. "I thought we were going to have a really good race for the lead," he said later. Then a mounting bracket on his front sway bar ruptured, turning the sweet-handling McLaren that had led 45 laps of the race into an unruly, mechanical Brahma bull. When first Wally Dallenbach and then Rutherford passed him, Mario plunged to the relatively comfortable obscurity of fifth place.

The race had been another disaster for Andretti, but measured against the failure of the recent past, when he had not come within a furlong of first place, it seemed enough of a success to augur well for the future. **END**

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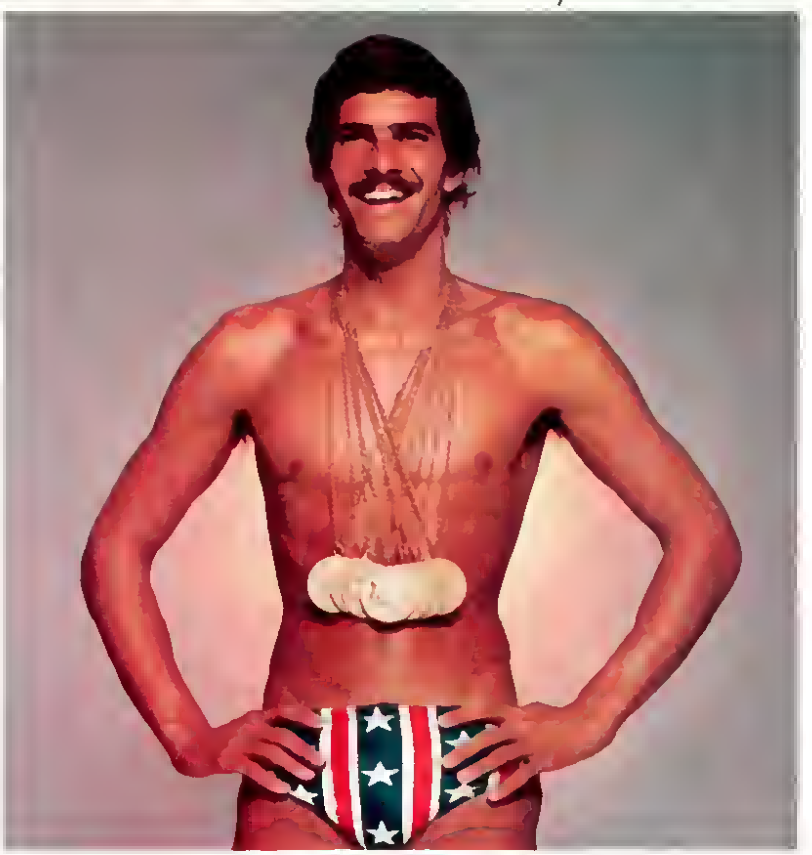
A golden fish out of water



Mark Spitz had some things to get off his chest following Munich, but what can replace his sport?

The famous seven Olympic gold medals have been in a Los Angeles bank vault ever since Mark Spitz returned from Munich four years ago. He has taken them out twice for photography sessions, each from its white box with the interlocked Olympic rings on the cover. There are 11 such cases in the bank's deposit box, a very snug fit, he says: the seven 1972 gold medals, and the two golds he won in Mexico City in 1968 along with a silver and a bronze. He wore the seven 1972 medals for the most popular poster ever done of an athlete—the medals carefully arranged on his bare chest, which, together with the mustache, the smile and the pale eyes, combined to induce one million-plus sales. "The medals weighed a lot," Spitz says. "They have heavy, crazy chains. Really, it was hard to stand up straight wearing them all at one time."

At present Spitz is a young man who has a lot of trouble making up his mind about anything, and one of his minor problems has been what to do with his medals. He admires Gary Hall, his Olympic roommate in 1972, for deciding to put his collection under a glass top in an end table. "But the trouble is that someone could come into his apartment, see that table at the end of the sofa and carry the whole thing off," Spitz says. "What then?"

Spitz and his young wife Suzy are about to shift residences from an apartment in a condominium complex in Marina del Rey, Calif. to a home in Westwood, and he has an idea about his medals. What he would like to do is set them in a glass wall between the dining room and den of his new house. "The glass would be bulletproof so that anybody wanting to get at my medals would have to jackhammer them out. Or blow up the house," he says dramatically.

Then he shakes his head. "The trouble is that if we ever moved again, I'd have to take the whole wall with me. They tell me that the wall would cost $3,000 to build and even more to take down and reinstall; besides, bulletproof glass that thick gets *green* and no one could see the medals anyway."

Spitz has solved the trophy problem in his present apartment by having very few around. The dominant decorative items are big stuffed animals. They sit on chairs, and a gallery of koala bears and a Pooh look down from the top of a dresser in the bedroom. Indeed, the only trophies on obvious display are three big pewter tankards for high-place finishes with his sailing sloop, *Sumark 7*. He is very proud of the mugs since they epitomize what Spitz feels strongly about himself—the unabashed notion that he can succeed brilliantly at whatever he decides to do. In the course of a few minutes' monologue he will announce that he could become a tournament-class golfer if he put his mind to it (though the last time out on a course, he admits ruefully, he hacked around and could not break 100); he says that he can serve a tennis ball as hard as any professional on the tour; he is positive he could rank high in yachting circles; he even thinks he might have picked up yet another gold medal at Munich if he had entered the 400-meter freestyle. After all, as he points out, though it would have required racing three times in one day, he did hold the world record for the event.

continued

What is odd is that despite his jaunty self-assurance Spitz has absolutely no idea what he wants to do. He talks vaguely about attending to his "business arrangements"—fulfilling contracts with firms whose products range from sportswear to swimming goggles. He has applied to dental school and been accepted, but no one thinks he will actually attend. His friends urge him to stick close to swimming and the world that made him famous—coaching or starting up a swim school. Spitz listens politely, but he does not commit himself. He says he likes to sit in the evening with his young wife and gaze out beyond the shingled roofs of their condominium neighbors and watch airliners on their flight patterns in and out of Los Angeles.

"That's true," a friend says. "He sits around. The Olympics would screw up anybody, and he's no exception. He doesn't fit in the Jet Set that swings around the marinas. He puts on jeans and with Suzy we all go over to a pizza joint on Sepulveda Avenue. He likes the pizza-joint adulation. They know him there. Sometimes we take an eight-foot-wingspan, radio-controlled glider to a hill near the marina. It's great to watch him fly the glider in the currents coming off the ridge. It's as if his knowledge of the water has shown him the way to move through air. He can bring the glider to him like a hawk to a wrist."

Spitz seems most at ease talking about swimming, especially the technical aspects. He speaks of fluid mechanics, says such things as "faster repetition does not mean faster speed." He stands up in his living room and shows how his legs hyperextend, the lower part of each bowing back like a double-jointed appendage, which gives him a whippier and deeper kick in the water. His hands are enormous. "Big paddles," he says. But when he gets away from the technical aspects, the equivocation begins: "The great thing about being a competitive swimmer is that you know it's going to end quickly. When you're 23, you quit. But what a price I paid for all that work. There is something very depressing about being the best in the world at something. I was programmed for all those years. I swam 2½ hours in the morning and two in the evening, maybe seven miles a day for six years, and during all those hours I'd think about getting out of the pool at the end of the session and how pleasant that was going to be. I *loved* to think about getting out. But I became the best in the world. When I got off the awards stand after the seventh gold medal, my teammates picked me up and carried me around on their shoulders. I'd gained their respect. You couldn't say it was a fluke. That's why I'm so happy.

"Since then I've thought it over very carefully. Because of swimming, I am my own boss, on my own time, with self-respect for what I've done, money for my labor, and prestige. But then from time to time I'm not sure. If I hadn't put all the work into winning those medals, I'd be a doctor. But if I'd been a doctor, I wouldn't have won those medals and I might be a frustrated doctor." He turns up his enormous hands and looks at them. "I guess that's the price no matter what. Frustration You never know. You always wonder."

He is 10 pounds heavier now, wincing as he admits it. "I weighed 175 in Munich. I was such a fine-tuned instrument then; now I'm out of tune—a big, out-of-tune bass fiddle."

Mark and Suzy sit on the floor and watch a taped rerun of the seven Olympic races, playing it through their television set. They do this quite often. Suzy loves it. The screen shows Spitz climbing up on the starting block, shaking his muscles loose. He looks almost gaunt from training.

"Swimming," Spitz says, leaning forward and peering at the screen, "is the only sport where *before* an athlete competes he stands on a pedestal, is introduced and applauded. He hasn't even done anything. Instant recognition. That's so much of what an athlete wants. Then he gets rewarded immediately afterward. It would be terrible if he got the award the next day; he might forget what he got it for."

The swimmers splash down the lanes. The roar of the crowd blasts sharply out of the set. Spitz says that he will help with the television commentary for the Montreal Games. "I wouldn't mind watching the swimming on TV," he says, "because, as with a football game, you can see more, but I think I'd rather be there. I'd be there as an outsider but I'd know the inside, what the swimmers are going through before the race. In Munich we waited in a small place about the size of a motel bedroom, the eight of us in our different sweat-suit gear, the sound of 20,000 people outside beating at the wall, and we would watch the race preceding ours on a monitor. We were really like stage performers. They would knock at the door and call out, 'O.K., you're on.' "

The swimmers on the television screen turn for the last lap, spinning in a flurry of water at the pool's end, Spitz so far in front that only the flutter of his kick shows at the side of the screen. "Sometimes I poke Suzy and say this is the race I lost. I feel it. I'm going to lose it." Next to him, she laughs and hunches her shoulders and tries to look scared.

The race over, the swimmers loll helplessly at the pool's edge; the water glistens on their otter-sleek hair. Spitz clicks off the set and looks at his wife. "It came out O.K.," he says. "Give me some water and I'll give you a first."

Spitz is often asked if he can swim at today's competitive levels. Predictably he has a strong answer. Last year on a business tour in Brazil he was cajoled into swimming an exhibition in a cold pool before 15,000 onlookers (the water seemed about 55°, he says, a speed-limiting temperature). He turned in a 1:01 in the 100 butterfly, which is poor. But the next day, in a warmer pool and swimming to make amends, he went the distance in 57 seconds flat—almost three seconds off the world record, which Spitz himself holds (54.27), but a truly *impressive* time for a swimmer who has not been in training.

Most of the time, however, Spitz seems to avoid the medium that made him so famous. He does an occasional lap or two in his in-laws' pool. The longest he has spent in the water since Munich was a six-hour stint surfing off Hawaii. One night last year, at the end of a party, he was persuaded to go swimming.

A friend described it: "He went home to get his swimsuit. It's a small pool. He can cross it in several strokes. But it's big enough so you can see how good he is. I went in with him. He passed me using his legs only, cruising by with his arms out of the water! I couldn't stand it. I jumped out of the pool. I loved it. It really turned me on to see anybody that good. That's what he ought to do until he's too old to float—cruise up and down pools so that people can see what an incredible sight that is." **END**

Spitz won plaudits at Munich, but most of his teammates there lost. For a portrait of one today, turn the page.

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Steve Kelly has gone through fire (with Ladder Company 36) and ice and sunny lagoons, striving to make the Olympics, though his chances in Montreal remain nil

BRONX BOY MAKES GOOD

BY WILLIAM OSCAR JOHNSON

CONTINUES

The vast majority of people in the world were not aware of it, but Stephen P. Kelly, the kayaker from the New York City borough of the Bronx, was a teammate of Mark Spitz at the 1972 Olympic Games. Mark Spitz was not aware of this either. Kelly recalls his relationship with Spitz in Munich: "I saw him around the Village. I never met him or shook hands with him or anything. That's not unusual. Maybe only one out of every 50 or 60 people in an Olympics wins a gold medal. They're set apart from the rest of us. They're almost like another race. Take a look at the official Olympic yearbook. It lists every single member of every single team. It has a picture of everyone. And you can see there how many failed to meet the qualifying height or lost out in the first heat. People never heard of them. I feel bad about that. But 90% or 95% of everyone in the Olympics is like that."

In Munich, Steve Kelly finished deep among the 95% no one ever heard of. Nevertheless, he was a bona fide world-class Olympic competitor then and he will be again in Montreal this month. This is an honorable achievement, a pinnacle reached by an infinitesimal portion of the world's billions.

Since the Games were reborn in a splurge of idealism and hope 80 years ago, they have been racked and nearly ruined by some of the 20th century's nastier "isms"—cynicism, chauvinism, professionalism, totalitarianism. But if the Olympics as an institution falters, the individual Olympian seems somehow to have transcended the trouble. Whether one is a pampered hero or an anonymous out-of-work New York City fireman like Steve Kelly, it is no cheap or simple thing to become an Olympian—even an Olympian who has no chance to win a gold medal. Perhaps *especially* an Olympian who has no chance. It demands commitment, it demands sacrifice.

Scaling the heights in exercise, if never in world competition, Kelly girds for the Games.

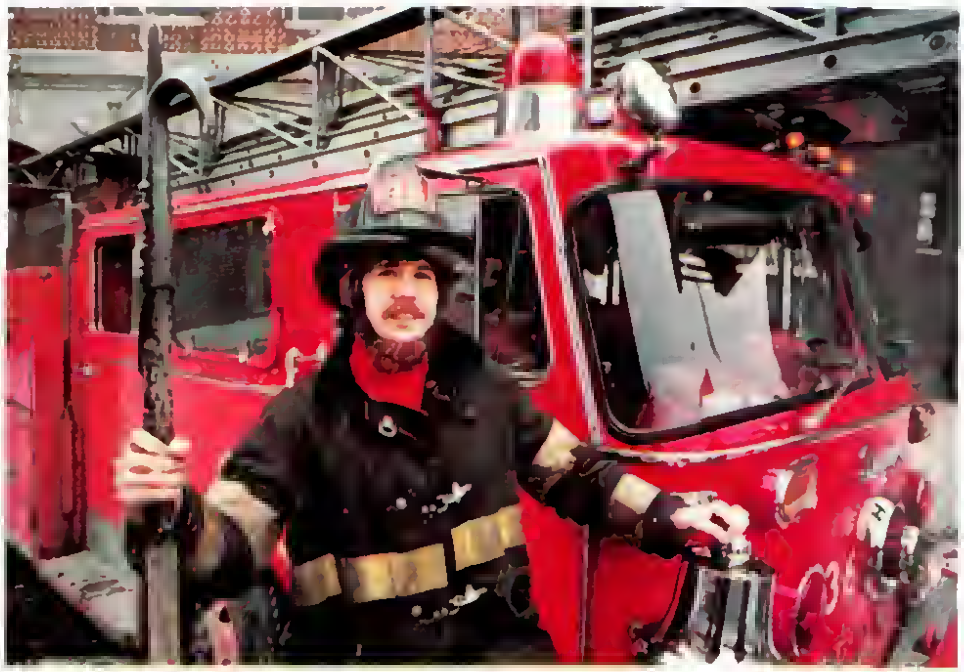
It was the first week in December. There were 20 shopping days until Christmas 1975, 225 days until the Olympics 1976. Steve Kelly sat at the counter in a Manhattan coffee shop at the intersection of Broadway and Dyckman Street. He was, at that moment, the U.S. singles kayak champion. Few people were aware of this, certainly no one in the coffee shop recognized him. He was tall, rangy, a bit shabby in old jeans, old Adidas shoes, a surplus-store parka and a slightly soiled white hat which, he explained, was the official rain hat of the 1972 U.S. Olympic team. He had a thick beard the color of old copper. His pale skin seemed to have lost its little boy's freckles only recently, the light blue eyes were mischievous, the smile was quick—altogether he gave the impression of an impish altar boy wearing false whiskers.

Steve Kelly was a serious man, however, living a serious life. He was 24 with a son who was two. He had a wife who was pregnant. And he had no permanent employment, only a temporary job driving a delivery truck for a company that sold soft-drink syrup to soda fountains. He was paid $5 an hour. Five months before, Kelly had been laid off by the Fire Department, a victim of the financial crisis that was gripping New York. His job at Ladder Company 36 had paid $11,000 a year. Though he had a degree in criminal justice from John Jay College (class of '72), he had become a fireman largely because he passed a civil service exam that made him eligible to be a fireman; it was not the triumphant fruition of a small boy's dreams.

"My mom was always reading civil service ads in the paper," Kelly said. "She got me to go take the Fire Department exam. I passed, so I took the job. It made her happy. She has that big thing Irish mothers have about getting their sons into something secure—like working for the city."

But not much was secure anymore. "When I was laid off," Steve Kelly said, "I panicked. I'd worry, worry, worry. I'd ask myself, 'What am I gonna do? How

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN IACONO



A son of whom an Irish mather could be praud, Kelly served as a fireman until he was laid off.

can I keep training? *What am I gonna do?!*' It's been a few months now. I'm used to it. I say to hell with worrying. I'm training for the Olympics. We'll get by. Maybe it's all for the best. There's no way you can hold a full-time job and train for the Olympics. Training is full time now. You have to. The Europeans do it. We have to."

He rose from the stool and left the coffee shop. The December sky was already black although it was only five o'clock in the afternoon. It was damp, blustery, very cold. The intersection of Broadway and Dyckman was brilliantly lit, fiercely noisy. Traffic poured along Broadway, a howling stream of headlights. The papers were full of news about bankruptcy, about the inevitable onrushing deterioration of life in New York City. Kelly climbed into his car and drove west down Dyckman toward the Hudson River, away from the bad news.

A couple of blocks along, beneath a huge concrete arch that held up the Henry Hudson Parkway 80 feet above, he turned left onto a dark rutted road. His headlights shone on puddles of ice in the ruts. Weeds grew between the tire tracks. He drove slowly along the black wilds of the river shore. The Hudson was about a mile wide here. Upriver the tiny lights of a tugboat glided along its surface. Downriver loomed the George Washington Bridge. Its looping necklaces of lights reached across to New Jersey so gracefully that it was hard to believe the bridge had been conceived and built by men.

A few hundred yards down the road, Kelly parked at a small, gray two-story building. This was the Inwood Canoe Club. *He unlocked a heavy wooden door* and out of the blackness came a small brown dog with an oddly bent ear. Kelly said his name was Hudson and explained that the dog had been tossed into the river by someone on a Circle Line excursion boat a few years before. Club members had paddled out and rescued the animal and he had lived there ever since. "He's supposed to be our watchdog," said Kelly, "but if someone gives him food, he doesn't mind if they break in. Every month or so I come down here and find the door swinging. There's nothing much to steal. We wouldn't think of keeping trophies here."

The Inwood Canoe Club was founded in 1902, offering water sport to citizens imprisoned in the turn-of-the-century congestion of New York. In those days there were other paddling clubs on this part of the river, but only Inwood Canoe Club survives. It has fallen on hard times. There are no more than two dozen active members, many of them high school kids. The original clubhouse burned in 1956, but the new structure has already attained a certain tumbledown look. The interior is filled with dozens of faded snapshots of Inwood paddlers dating back through the century.

The clubhouse was as wintry inside as *outside. Kelly opened a door to the boat*house, built on pilings over the river. He turned on a light. The kayaks and canoes were stored on racks. Most of the kayaks were made of mahogany, lovely polished things that shone with old-fashioned craftsmanship. Kelly ran his hand over one of them and smiled. Then he opened the double doors of the boathouse and stepped out. The river sound was loud, an insistent rushing gurgle. The stars were bright. It was only 5:30 but there was a sense of midnight here, of being suspended beyond reality, beyond bankruptcies and the problems of unemployment.

Kelly changed into a sweat suit and climbed narrow stairs to the second floor. Here was a small gym, minimally equipped. He began a series of "sets," repetitive training routines designed to bring him to peak condition for the Olympics. It was a bizarre and distinctly un-Olympic scene—the wind banging at windows, the little room, the boyish Kelly panting and grimacing, the river smell and chill permeating everything.

Kelly chinned himself 30 times on a crowbar lying across two ceiling beams. He fired an ancient medicine ball up against the beams and caught it when it fell—possibly 30 times. He did 50 push-ups, 75 sit-ups, skipped rope for five minutes, *bench-pressed 210 pounds again* and again and again until his arms grew feeble. Then he did another set—chin-ups, medicine ball, rope-jumping, etc.

Two high school boys and the wife of a member joined him, and the four labored for more than an hour. Then, breathing hard, Kelly led his companions downstairs and outside, where they loped off down the weedy driveway until, half a mile away, they came to the dark paths and lanes of Inwood Hill Park. They jogged several miles, passing occasional street lamps, passing black trees whose bare branches tossed and rubbed together in the wind. Occasionally, they stopped running and chinned themselves on limbs. They returned to the club-

continued

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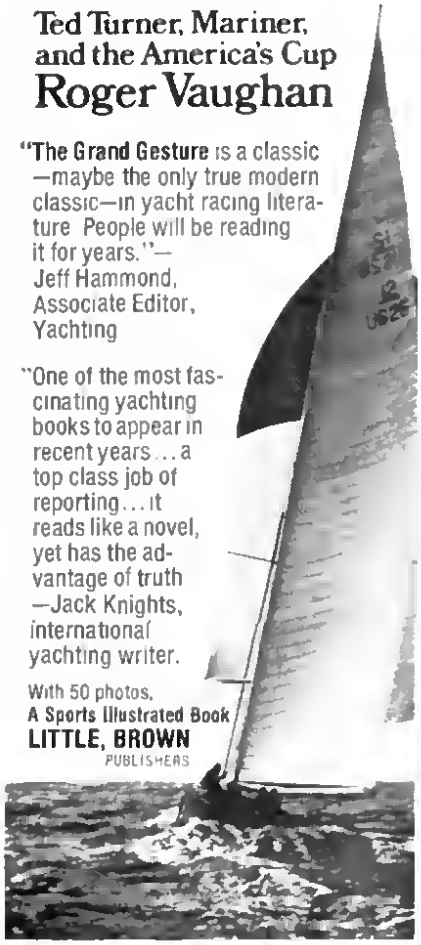

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house, but Kelly ran past it and stopped at the base of a steel girder that rose out of sight in the darkness. He grabbed a rope tied somewhere up in the ironwork and he climbed it—25 feet up—hand over hand, half a dozen times while the Hudson wind blew against his back.

It was after 7:30. Soaked with sweat, Kelly went into the locker room to change. A stocky pallid man named Eric Feicht had arrived at the clubhouse. He was a lifetime club officer, a coach of the U.S. Olympic kayak team in 1964. Feicht was asked if he thought Steve Kelly had a chance to do well in the 1976 Olympics. Slowly, considering his words, he said, "No, not very well. We are behind the rest of them. But just having an Olympian at the club makes a nice image for the younger boys. Steve is a hard worker. He is very good at the club. He remembers to lock up when he leaves and he keeps the heat turned down so we don't use too much fuel."

Everyone who grows up in New York City comes from a place called the Neighborhood. For Steve Kelly, the Neighborhood was around 212th Street and Broadway. It is a relatively bucolic part of Manhattan; the rolling acres of Inwood Hill Park are the prevailing influence on the Neighborhood. The apartment buildings are aging modest places where middle-class people live. Kelly grew up in a third-floor walk-up. His mother and father live there still. His father, a retired truck driver who works occasionally as an usher at Shea Stadium, recalled that Steve's brother Bill, 10 years older, had been the original inspiration for Steve's paddling: "Billy got Stephen going. And Billy was good, but he was mostly local. Stephen has been all over the place. He is championship caliber. Don't ask me where it came from. Not me, that's for sure. Instead of hanging round the streets doing nothing like the other kids, Stephen always had this interest in paddling. I don't remember he ever got in much trouble, although once a cop brought him home for throwing snowballs off the roof."

The Kellys were asked if people in the Neighborhood considered their son a hero because he had been an Olympian. "Oh, I don't know about the Neighborhood," Mrs. Kelly said. "His relatives are impressed. But, you know, it was about the same when he was a fireman. His nieces and nephews were always running out in the street when they heard a siren because they thought they might see Stephen on the fire truck. People were probably as impressed he was in the Fire Department as on the Olympic team."

Kelly's training did not stop for so much as one day. The grueling sets went on each afternoon after work. The truck driving job for the Quality Maid Syrup Company was uninspiring. He covered the Bronx and northern suburbs, hauling tanks of syrup into stores or warehouses. One afternoon in January, heading for Yonkers, he said, "Driving a truck doesn't take much thought. I don't mind it. This morning I went up to Mt. Kisco. Usually I take the interstate, but this time I thought I'd go up 9A and check out the rich people's houses in Chappaqua. It was nice.

"I was with the Fire Department more than two years, then 1,000 guys were laid off. I might be rehired sometime. I'm on a waiting list. I'd go back in a minute. It was ideal for training, two days on, two off. I could always work out a deal for special days off. Sometimes I'd write downtown and ask for a month off. They were agreeable because they knew I had to train. I could jog to the clubhouse from the firehouse. The guys at Ladder 36 were 100%. The best thing about the Fire Department was the people you met."

He pulled the truck over to a curb in Yonkers and unloaded some tanks at a store. He returned and began driving farther up into Westchester County. "I couldn't hack this job all the time," he said. "The hours are too confining. I finish work, then I work out two hours, three hours, and I get home after eight o'clock and the kid's in bed already and I'm almost too tired to eat. I watch a little TV. I fall in bed by 9:30 and then I get up and go back to work at 7:30. The Fire Department was perfect. Except one thing. I always had a cough. I was sick a lot in the department. Smoke inhalation. You get a big whiff and the next day your spit is black. You'd be coughing all the time. After a big whiff of smoke I had to run and run to get the stuff out of my lungs. You always had to pray there wouldn't be a fire the day before a race."

It was Jan. 28, only 171 days before the Games. It was about 10 in the morning, about 4° above zero, and Steve was at

continued

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the Inwood club. He was in high spirits: he had quit the Quality Maid job. He was going to live on his savings and on Feb. 2 he was going to Florida with his wife Margo and his son Stephen, and he was going to devote himself to nothing but training for the Olympic Games. It had been a critical decision. He had withdrawn $1,000 from the bank. He had no idea if it would be enough or what might happen in Florida. "We're apprehensive about the money thing," he said. "My mom's worried, but Margo said, 'Let's go, let's do it.' You get used to this carefree attitude after a while. We'll just have to take pot luck in Florida. Maybe I'll pick oranges. Maybe I'll sell pans door to door. Maybe I'll go on unemployment. I don't know."

Kelly was wearing a red knit stocking cap and his 1972 Olympic sweat suit. He stood on the clubhouse dock above the river, his face pink with the cold. "I can't believe it," he said, "Monday! Monday we go for sunshine." There was sunshine in New York and the Hudson water danced and sparkled. But the river was also alive with ice. Some floes were as big as paddle tennis courts, some small as a child's hand. As the ice glided by the club, it clicked like thousands of dice rattling. Kelly said he had been hoping all week to get on the water, but there had been fog, rain, snow. He had his one-man kayak on the dock and he was watching the ice carefully. It was moving fast enough so that a large piece, sure and brutal as a fire ax, could punch a hole in the kayak. Kelly decided that it was too dangerous to paddle out into the river, but he put his kayak into the water below the dock. He was surrounded by ice and could paddle no more than a stroke or two. He climbed out and said, "I am dying to get on the water. You can stay off only so long and then you get nervous. You've got to have a lot of fortitude to go on training every day. I get into a depression sometimes. I say, '——the boathouse.' But the next day I go down again.

"It's tougher for Americans to get themselves up every day. Europeans are pushed to do it. Usually they have the government behind them. And they have greater personal motivation. In Europe a champion kayaker is a hero, asked for his autograph. But for me, well, the only reward is proving you're among the best in the world. That's very intangible. A

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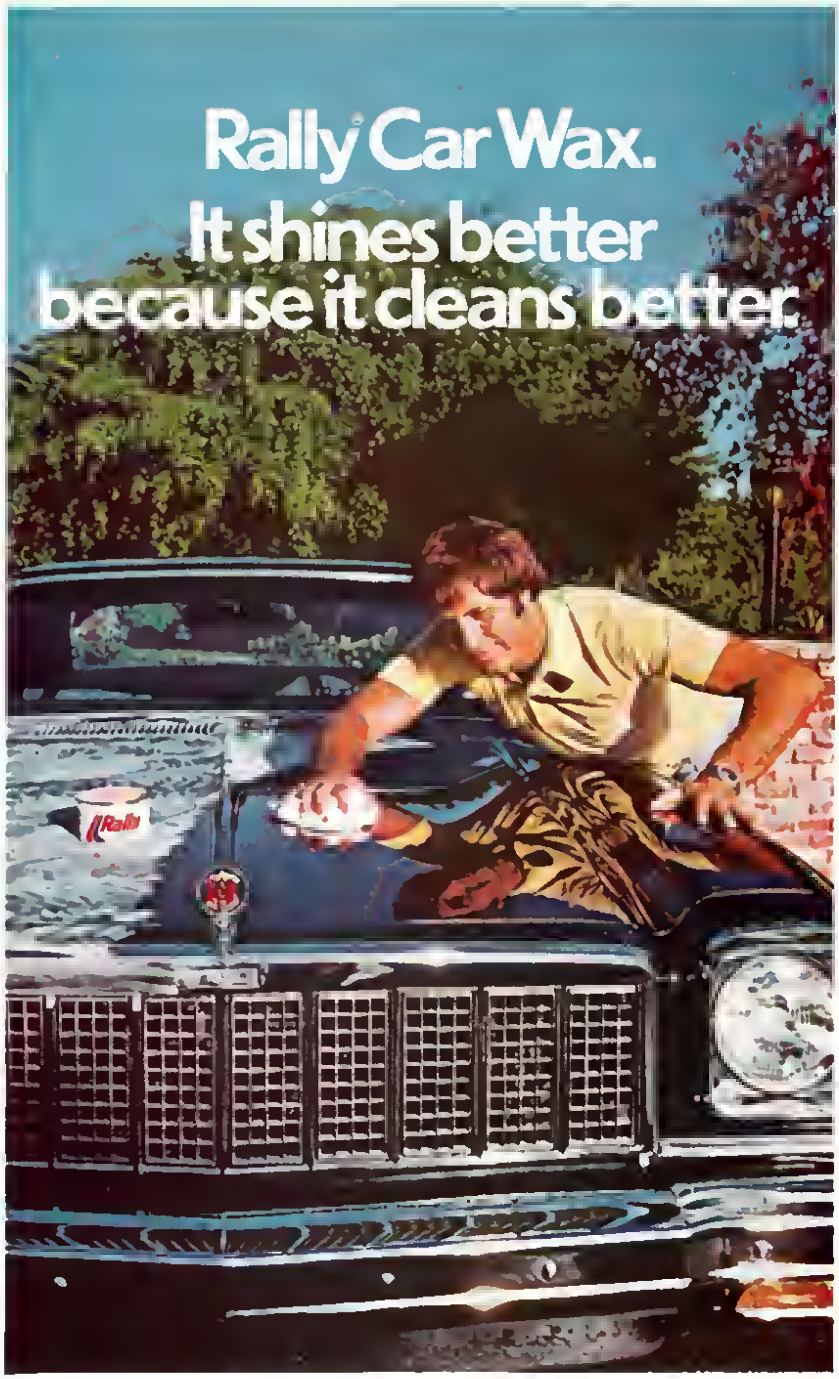

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few thousand bucks or a little fame would make it all a lot easier."

At that point, midwinter of 1976, the Olympic construction work in Montreal was snarled, costs were increasing at a stunning rate, there was talk of canceling the Olympics. But Kelly was unconcerned. "I don't know what's going on in Montreal with the construction, the stadiums and restaurants and the Village—all the hoopla," he said. "But you can hold an Olympics—for athletes—without restaurants and stadiums and a Village. The hoopla is for the spectator, not for the competitor. For us, for athletes, there's no problem having an Olympics. You can throw us in an old gym with sleeping bags and we'll race on the nearest lake.

"For us, an Olympics means one thing: you are racing against the best guys in the world."

Through February, March and the early part of April, Kelly and half a dozen American kayakers and several from Canada worked out every day on the warm lagoons near Inverness, Fla. The Hudson River's rushing ice was far behind. One day in January, Steve had driven his truck over a number of New York City bridges, and he had pointed down at the polluted waters and said, "See the places on the shore where there is steam? See where the seagulls gather? Those are sewage outlets. I know every one around Manhattao. When you're a city kayaker, you get to know them like landmarks on the shore."

In Florida the landmarks were cypress trees hung with curtains of moss. Kelly and his mates paddled miles each day through sunny labyrinths of channels and canals. They talked kayaking for hours. They grew more powerful. They gained more stamina. The Kellys lived in an efficiency apartment in an old hotel. It had a tiny parlor, a tiny kitchenette, a tiny bedroom. The boy slept on a mattress on the floor. The apartment cost $130 a month.

Because Kelly was a member of the U.S. Olympic Committee's National Development Team (selected the previous summer), he was reimbursed for some of his expenses—about $300 for the whole stay in Florida, including 7¢ a mile for travel to and from New York. Kelly was able to live without picking oranges or selling pots. He collected unemployment

continued

"He was an incomparably more gifted Ludwig II who constructed his Neuschwanstein in the space of half a cubic foot."

He was a grey whisper of a man, who lived for 54 years on Utopia Parkway in Queens, N.Y., an exile more singular than expatriation to Tahiti."

His name was Joseph Cornell, an immovably eccentric and reclusive artist who spent his life creating exquisite collages in little boxes. His name was hardly known even in the art world. Yet in TIME Magazine's Art section his life and work become a kind of cerebral adventure. Which demonstrates another of TIME's strengths: the humane and intelligent curiosity that animates and articulates its reportage. It's the difference between simply knowing about the unusual and unfamiliar, and being able to make it come alive.

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checks from the state of Florida, about $95 a week. He spent about $1,200 of his own money.

The Kellys returned to New York on a weekend in mid-April. They drove straight through from Florida with only two hours of rest. Every motel room on the East Coast seemed occupied, overflowing with the spring migration of college students. Margo was expecting the baby in the second week of May. They moved back into the basement of a building on Commonwealth Avenue in the Bronx where they had lived before. It is owned by Margo's father.

One of the first things Kelly did after his return was to register for New York State unemployment benefits. As in Florida, Steve collected $95 a week. To get the check, he spent about three hours each Friday morning standing in long, nearly static lines at a government building in the Bronx. He said, "Well, sure, you waste half a day getting to the window, but there's no choice. There is no way I could hold a job and get in shape."

Margo is 22 and ordinarily a slim, lithe woman, but in the first week of May she was large and awkward with the child she carried. She sat in the living room of the apartment. The paneled walls were Steve's handiwork. There were several planters hung about in macrame slings, her handiwork. "I can't imagine what life would be like if Steve weren't training," she said. "He enjoys it. People should live their lives and have fun. You can't always be plugging away at something."

She was asked if a gold medal in Montreal would make the sacrifices worthwhile. She said, "A gold medal? I wouldn't even *believe* that. We think just getting into the finals would be fantastic. A gold medal? Well, it would be nice, but I can't see what real benefit we'd get from that. I can't see where it would make much difference—unless maybe you could put it on a job resume."

In the U.S. competing in an Olympics in no way guarantees an athlete a good job. The Olympics may even be a detriment. Steve Kelly is nothing if not a realist. He said, "When I apply for a job after the Games, after all this training, some personnel guy is going to ask me, 'O.K., what exactly have you been working at for the past year? What's your experience?' And I will say, 'Well, sir, I've been paddling my kayak and that's about all.' People can't believe that. They assume you're not serious. Even winning a medal wouldn't make much difference. In America people think anyone who spends this much time without making money, without at least working on a sport where you *can* make money, is probably unemployable. Or crazy."

Margo Kelly's baby still had not arrived, but Steve left New York City for a small lake west of Chicago, there to train with the three men who would be his partners in the four-man kayak (K-4) event. During the winter, Steve had all but decided he would forgo entering the singles or doubles events and concentrate on the K-4. Now he was certain. This was thought to be the strongest U.S. kayak entry for Montreal. Kelly said, "We don't have a chance for a medal. But this is the best year of training we've ever had. We took the whole winter, the whole spring and we worked seven days a week. We've already paddled over 1,500 miles this year. We've been very technical about our training program, working on different elements individually—endurance, strength, speed. We say, 'Wow! what a year!' But the Europeans, they do this *every* year. They have had great training years every year of their lives."

The U.S. Olympic Committee budget for kayaking in 1976 is some $20,000. Kelly believes the world powers—Russia, Hungary, Rumania, East Germany—spend 40 or 50 times that on the sport. A bronze in 1936 is the best any U.S. men's boat has done in the Olympics. The women have done better; in 1964 they won a silver and a bronze.

Steve's K-4 mates were Brent Turner, 22, a student at the University of Montana whose parents owned the lakeside property where the crew was training; Bruce Barton, 19, son of a Horton, Mich. farmer, Peter Deyo, 18, a Western Michigan University student from Niles, Mich. They were doing intense sprints on the lake. A strong wind was lifting gusts of dust off the newly plowed fields beyond the lake and the kayakers' eyes were red from it. The water was choppy, but they worked steadily for two hours. They seemed beautifully synchronized, extremely strong. They paddled fiercely 60 strokes a minute at times—up and down a 1,000-meter course. Then they showered and ate lunch—rice goulash and butterscotch pudding made by Brent

Turner's mother. They drank three quarts of milk. They spoke a little about the imminent birth of Steve's second child. Steve said, "Margo will call when she's ready. I hope she times it between the weekends."

On two weekends—May 8-9 and May 15-16—there were races scheduled, the first in Toronto, the second at Lake Sebago near Bear Mountain Park, some 60 miles north of New York City. Except for casual races in Florida, these would be the first competitive opportunities for the Kelly K-4. The paddlers loaded their kayaks on top of the Turner family camper and headed for Canada. There was no word from Margo. They raced and finished second to a Canadian boat, but they were not disappointed. Kelly said, "Everything is right on schedule." Not the baby, who still had not appeared by the following weekend.

At Lake Sebago, on a dismal, drizzly Sunday, the Kelly K-4 had its first U.S. test. Bruce Barton had edged Kelly in the 1,000-meter singles, then Kelly had won the 500 singles. The crew was high spirited. There were two other K-4s in competition, one from the New York Athletic Club, the other from Washington, D.C. Neither seemed a threat because neither crew had had extensive winter training. The distance was 1,000 meters.

The Kelly K-4 got off to a good start (usually not its forte), held bow-to-bow with the New York boat for about 400 yards, then slowly pulled ahead and crossed the finish almost a full length in front, a wide margin of victory.

Kelly was exultant. "It was perfect!" he said. "Just what we planned to do. We held next to them through the first half, then our stamina beat 'em. God, that felt great!" The glow of competition was almost like a halo over his head. "Oh, my God, what a feeling!"

The baby was born on May 26, two weeks late. He was a big 10 pounds 14 ounces, and they named him Peter Joshua. Kelly was in New York at the birth. But, just before Memorial Day, 48 days to the Games, he was gone again. He flew to Cambridge, Ohio, where the Olympic Trials for the K-4s were to be held June 5. For a week the Kelly K-4 crew continued its high-pitched training, and then came race day, dark and rainy. There were five boats in the two-heat 1,000-meter trials and Kelly was totally confident. Rightly so. His kayak won both races by an impressive two seconds. Steve Kelly was an Olympian again.

It had cost him almost a year of his time, more than $2,000 of his small savings, immeasurable amounts of pain and fatigue. His condition was superb, his chest broad, his arms hard. He could paddle at what for most would be exhausting speed and scarcely breathe hard. His body was about as close to a machine as human persistence could make it. He had labored to make it almost immune to breakdown, practically devoid of frailty.

The obvious question was—why do it? Why sacrifice so much? Steve Kelly said, "People who have never been in the Olympics try to make patriotism a motive, but that isn't very effective. It appeals to Little Leaguers, I suppose. Most people just compete as individuals. That's best. I suppose some guys like Mark Spitz might be motivated by all the money they'll make with their gold medals, but that sure doesn't apply to me—either the money *or* the gold. So when someone asks me why I do this, spend my own money and let a career go, I can't think of anything to say except that I want to compete against the best athletes in the world. Because that means that *I'm* one of the best athletes in the world. I'm proud of that."

The founder of the modern Olympics was Baron Pierre de Coubertin, a melancholy 19th-century visionary. He spent the last years of his life in Lausanne, Switzerland, nearly penniless, rowing in circles on Lake Geneva. He had come to be bitterly disappointed in the Games. Opportunism and politics had ruined his dream.

It was de Coubertin who said, "The most important thing in the Olympic Games is not to win but to take part, just as the most important thing in life is not the triumph but the struggle."

Not many Olympians meet the standard of true amateurism anymore. Those who do are the purest Olympians, and they almost always perform in near-perfect anonymity because they almost always train without the benefit of government support, athletic scholarships or proper facilities. Thus they almost never stand in the winner's spotlight. If he were alive today, the baron would admire Steve Kelly very much indeed. **END**

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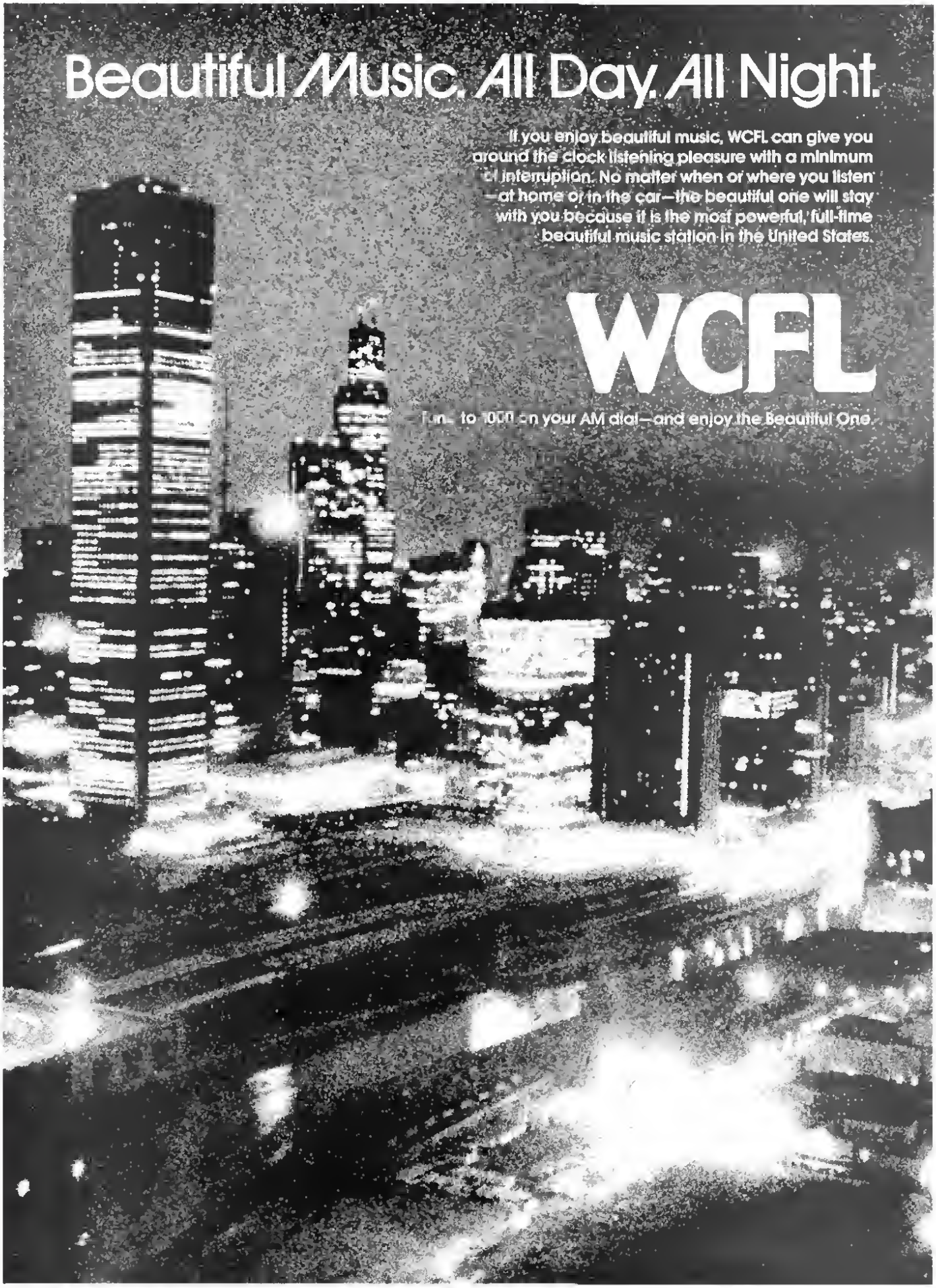
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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week June 21-27

BOATING—In the Newport-to-Bermuda race Al Van Metre's seven-year-old sloop RUNNING TIDE finished first in the fleet of 161 with a corrected time of 86 00 17.

BOXING—CARLOS MONZON of Argentina added the WBC middleweight title to his WBA crown by winning a unanimous 15-round decision over Colombia's Rodrigo Valdes; in Monte Carlo *(page 18)*.

CARLOS PALOMINO, from Mexico and now living in Los Angeles, won the world welterweight title with a 12th-round TKO of defending champion John Stracey of England at Wembley Stadium outside London. Palomino attacked Stracey's body throughout and knocked him down twice in the 12th round before the referee stopped the fight.

FENCING—Marine Lieut. ED DONOFRIO outtouched defending champion Ed Ballinger 5-3 to win the foil title at the national championships in Cherry Hill, N.J.

GOLF—AL GEIBERGER finished at four-over-par 288 to win the $200,000 Western Open at Butler National in Oak Brook, Ill. by one stroke over Joe Porter. Bob Dickson took a five-shot lead into the final round but shot an 80 and finished in a three-way tie for third with Charles Coody and Hale Irwin.

HORSE RACING—MALACATE, ridden by Philippe Paquet, defeated 5-to-4 favorite Empery, Bunker Hunt's English Derby winner, by 2½ lengths to win the $178,507 80 Irish Sweepstakes Derby in Dublin.

REVIDERE ($6.80), Jacinto Vasquez up, closed strongly to overtake favored Optimistic Gal and win the $114,400 Coaching Club American Oaks at Belmont Park by half a length, covering the 1½ miles in 2:28⅘.

NORCLIFFE ($5.20), ridden by Jeff Fell, passed Military Bearing near the finish and won the 117th running of the $138,025 Queen's Plate at Woodbine in suburban Toronto. He ran the 1¼ miles in 2:05.

MOTOR SPORTS—AL UNSER drove his Cosworth-powered Parnelli to victory in the $400,000 Schaefer 500 at Mt. Pocono, Pa. with an average speed of 143.622 mph *(page 53)*.

OLYMPIC TRIALS—BOATING Races at Association Island, N.Y. produced the U.S. Olympic yachting team. Soling class—JOHN KOLIUS, skipper, Tempest—DENNIS CONNER, Flying Dutchman—NORM FREEMAN, 470—BOB WHITEHURST, Tornado—DAVID McFAULL, Finn—PETER COMMETTE.

BOXING. DAVEY ARMSTRONG, of Puyallup, Wash., decisioned Leonel Valencia in the 125-pound finals at the Trials in Burlington, Vt., and now will compete in his second Olympics. Also on the U.S. team: LOUIS CURTIS, 106, LEO RANDOLPH, 112; CHARLEY MOONEY, 119; HOWARD DAVIS JR., 132; RAY LEONARD, 139; CHARLES WALKER, 156; and LEON SPINKS, 178. The 147-pound, 165-pound and heavyweight representatives will be selected later.

DIVING: GREG LOUGANIS, 16, of El Cajon, Calif., was given 11 of a possible 14 perfect 10-point scores on two dives as he won both the 10-meter and three-meter events at the Trials in Knoxville, Tenn. Louganis earned his 10s off the 10-meter board. Also on the 10-meter team at Montreal will be KENT VOSLER and TIM MOORE. Air Force Captain PHIL BOGGS and ROBERT CRAGG will join Louganis in the three-meter competition. The women's 10-meter team: JANET ELY, DEBORAH WILSON and MELISSA BRILEY. Three-meter: CYNTHIA McINGVALE, JENNIFER CHANDLER and BARBARA NEJMAN.

GYMNASTICS: KURT THOMAS, a junior at Indiana State College, scored 226.05 points to lead the seven qualifiers at the Trials at State College, Pa. Joining Thomas will be WAYNE YOUNG, TOM BEACH, BART CONNER, MARSHALL AVENER, GENE WHELAN and PETER KORMANN.

MODERN PENTATHLON: Air Force Captain BOB NIEMAN scored 5,300 points to lead the qualifying at the Trials and the national championships at Fort Sam Houston, Texas. Joining him on the team will be Specialist 4th Class MIKE BURLEY, Sergeant JOHN FITZGERALD and Captain OBEN GREENWALD (alternate).

TRACK & FIELD: DAVE ROBERTS set a world pole-vault record of 18' 8¼" at the Trials in Eugene, Ore. *(page 10)* and will be joined in Montreal by EARL BELL and TERRY PORTER. Other qualifiers: discus—MAC WILKINS (224' 2"), JOHN POWELL and JAY SILVESTER; hammer—LARRY HART (222' 7"); javelin—SAM COLSON (276' 2"), RICHARD GEORGE and ANTHONY HALL; 110 hurdles—CHARLES FOSTER (13.44), WILLIE DAVENPORT and JAMES OWENS; 400 hurdles—EDWIN MOSES (48.30), QUENTIN WHEFLER and MIKE SHINE; 200 meters—MILLARD HAMPTON (20.10), DWAYNE EVANS and MARK LUTZ; 400—MAXIE PARKS (45.58), FRED NEWHOUSE and HERMAN FRAZIER; 800—RICK WOHLHUTER (1:44.8), JAMES ROBINSON and MARK ENYEART; 1,500—WOHLHUTER (3:36.5), MATT CENTROWITZ and MIKE DURKIN; 5,000—DICK BUERKLE (13:26.6), DUNCAN MACDONALD and PAUL GEIS; 10,000—FRANK SHORTER (27:55.6), CRAIG VIRGIN and GARRY BJORKLUND; decathlon—BRUCE JENNER (8,507 points), FRED DIXON and FRED SAMARA; long jump—ARNIE ROBINSON (27' 5½"), LARRY MYRICKS and RANDY WILLIAMS; triple jump—JAMES BUTTS (56' 8¾"), TOMMY HAYNES and RAYFIELD DUPREE; high jump—BILL JANKUNIS (7' 5¾"), DWIGHT STONES and JAMES BARRINEAU; steeplechase—DOUG BROWN (8:27.4), HENRY MARSH and MIKE ROCHE. Among the women, MADELINE MANNING JACKSON set an American record of 1:59.8 for the 800 meters and will team with CINDY POOR and KATHY WESTON in Montreal. BRENDA MOREHEAD placed first in both the 100 (11.08) and 200 (22.49), CHANDRA CHEESEBOROUGH also earned a place on both the 100 and 200 teams, while EVELYN ASHFORD qualified for the 100 and DEBORAH ARMSTRONG for the 200. Other qualifiers: 400—SHEILA INGRAM (52.69), DEBRA SAPENTER and ROSALYN BRYANT; 1,500—CYNDY POOR (4:07.3), JAN MERRILL and FRANCIE LARRIEU; pentathlon—JANE FREDERICK (4,622 points), GALE FITZGERALD and MARILYN KING; high jump—PAULA GIRVEN (6' 1¾"), JONI HUNTLEY and PAM SPENCER; discus—LYNNE WINBIGLER (166' 2"), 100-meter-hurdles—RHONDA BRADY (13.25), DEBY LAPLANTE and PAT DONNELLY; and shotput—MAREN SEIDLER (53' 3¾").

SWIMMING: SHIRLEY BABASHOFF broke both the existing and the pending world records for the 800-meter freestyle, clocking 8:39.63 at the Trials in Long Beach, Calif. All in all, Babashoff won the 100, 200, 400 and 800 free events and also the individual medley. BRIAN GOODELL set his second world record of the Trials with a 15:06.66 for the 1,500-meter freestyle, more than four seconds faster than the 1976 record of Australia's Stephen Holland.

TENNIS—Down by two sets, VITAS GERULAITIS, 22, of New York, eliminated defending champion Arthur Ashe in the fourth round at Wimbledon.

MILESPOSTS—DIED: LON WARNEKE, 67, a right-handed pitcher with a career record of 193-121 for the Chicago Cubs and St. Louis Cardinals during the 1930s and early '40s, in Hot Springs, Ark. Warneke was a National League umpire from 1949 to 1955.

DIED. DE HART HUBBARD, 72, who in 1924 long-jumped 24' 5⅛" in Paris to become the first black American to win an Olympic gold medal; in Cleveland.

CREDITS

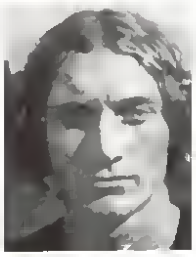
4—Lana Stewart. 6—drawing by Arnold Roth; 10, 11—Heinz Kluetmeier; 12, 13—Walter Iooss Jr., James Drake; 14, 15—Heinz Kluetmeier (2), James Drake, 16, 17—Manny Millan (3), George Silk (2); 18, 19—Neil Leifer, T. Tenuma (2); 26, 27—Neil Leifer, John D. Hanlon; 28—Neil Leifer. 42—John Iacono. 53, 54—Manny Millan; 57—STERN Bleckster.

FACES IN THE CROWD

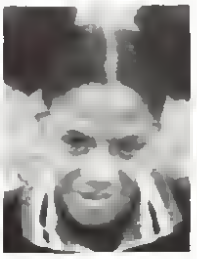
SANDY LEMON, 18, was named outstanding senior girl athlete at Alleghany County High in Covington, Va. She was MVP in both basketball and volleyball and also was a member of the school's record-setting 880 relay team and a leading player on the "boys" golf team.

WARREN SPECTOR, 18, of Chevy Chase, Md., has been named 1976 King of Bridge by the ACBL. Spector, who became a Life Master in 1974, has amassed 420 master points this year, the highest total of any high school student in all of North America.

WIN McFADDEN, 71, of San Diego, entered nine events in the Grandfather Games at L.A. Valley College and won nine medals four gold (70 low hurdles, long jump, 220, triple jump), two silver (high jump and discus); and three bronze (javelin, shotput, hammer throw).



DALE ROTHE, 22, of the University of Baltimore, a two-time All-America in both lacrosse and soccer, is the Bee Club (lettermen) male athlete of the year. He had a lacrosse four-year record of 90 goals and 139 assists and a nine-goal and 27-assist soccer career record.



MARSHA BARTLETT, 12, of the Jamaica (N.Y.) Track Club, took two first places in the invitational events for 12- and 13-year-olds at the Women's Metropolitan AAU championships in New York City. She ran the 800 meters in 2:27 and the 1,500 meters in 5:06.2.

BARBARA HALLQUIST, 18, a USC freshman, won the USTA Women's National Collegiate championship. Seeded only fourth, Barbara was never extended to three sets in seven matches and is the second freshman ever to win the singles championship.

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

Edited by GAY FLOOD

MINING ORR

Sir.

I am a Bobby Orr fan. However, I have to hand it to the Boston Bruins for not paying an astronomical price for him (*Bye-Bye Boston, Chicago Buys*, June 21) If more teams had the attitude of Boston, maybe there wouldn't be all these problems concerning salaries in pro sports.

ROBERT REIF

Brooklyn

Sir:

And I thought baseball owners were crazy!

ERIC FOUST

Pompano Beach, Fla.

Sir:

Professional sports will never recover until the self-seekers like Marvin Miller, Alan Eagleson and Jerry Kapstein are put out of business.

EUGENE H. CLAPP

Wellesley Hills, Mass.

Sir.

Winner of the Calder Memorial Trophy (Outstanding Rookie), eight-time winner of the James Norris Memorial Trophy (Outstanding Defenseman), three-time winner of the Hart Trophy (Most Valuable Player), two-time winner of the Art Ross Trophy (leading scorer in the regular season—the first defenseman ever to win it) and two-time winner of the Conn Smythe Trophy (Outstanding Playoff Player). After watching Bobby Orr these past years, I have only one thing to say to the Chicago Black Hawks and their fans. you got him dirt cheap.

MIKE BLOUNT

Boston

Sir:

Hockey currently is the only major professional team sport in which an effective system of compensating teams for the loss of free agents remains in operation. Thus, the Chicago Black Hawks were, and are, faced with the prospect of giving the Boston Bruins players, draft choices and/or cash approximately equaling the value of Bobby Orr. Yet Alan Eagleson was still able to wangle an unconditional $3 million five-year deal for his client—a livable wage even by the standards of Catfish Hunter and John Riggins, to name two one-time free agents who shopped around without the cloud of "compensation" hanging over their heads. Further, we are told by J. O. Reed, even teams such as the Kansas City Scouts and Detroit Red Wings joined in the bidding for Orr. What say you now, Ed Garvey?

ROCCO ZAPPONE

Washington, D.C.

AMEN

Sir:

On the occasion of the 200th birthday of this still best of all possible nations, it is quite fitting that we American sports lovers make a Bicentennial wish regarding the future of sports in our land

Let us hope that it will not be too long before politics, appellate court decisions, reserve clauses, Rozelle rules, free agents, option years, annuities, multimillion-dollar contracts, spoiled athletes, greedy owners, deferred payments, Charlie Finleys, Walter O'Malleys and Bowie Kuhns will have gone the way of King George III and the Stamp Act. And then maybe we will again be able to view the world of sports the way it should be viewed.

WILLIAM E. CARSLEY

Chicago

FOR LOVE, NOT MONEY

Sir:

A few weeks ago you wrote about the financial woes of the San Diego Mariners of the World Hockey Association (SCORECARD, April 26) After playing in the NFL for seven years, I had the great honor in 1974 to be the quarterback for the Florida Blazers of the World Football League. The Blazers stopped receiving paychecks on Sept. 13 of that year. But they went on to win their division before losing the first and only World Bowl championship to the Birmingham Americans, 22–21, in December.

You state that one of the Mariner players had to cut out buying cashews and potato chips and fill snack bowls with popcorn instead, and that another player was forced to substitute draft beer for the more expensive bottled variety during payless weeks.

I kept a diary for the entire season and, without going into great detail, I can tell you that the Florida Blazers went many times without a meal, some were evicted from their apartments, others were threatened with having their electricity and phones shut off, and at the end of the season many did not have enough money to get back to their hometowns The situation was so pathetic that Coach Jack Pardee's wife was publicly embarrassed when a grocery store manager refused to cash her check.

WFL officials told us that if we did not play, the league would fold. They also promised us all our back pay as soon as the situation could be resolved Finally, the Blazers decided that money or not, they were going out there to play for themselves and the coaches, and to show that there is more to a professional athlete than a paycheck.

The Blazers were not only fine athletes but fine individuals, and I will always be proud to say that I was a member of that team.

BOB DAVIS

Wayside, N.J.

PLAYER AND COACH

Sir:

It seems that Brooks Robinson and George Brett (*George Fills the Royals' Flush*, June 21) have one thing in common—they both wear No. 5. Brett is at the stage Robinson was in 1960—he can both hit and field If he continues, Brett could one day be baseball's premier third baseman.

What number did Pie Traynor wear?

JAMES P. MANNING JR.

Baltimore

- No. 20.—ED.

Sir:

Your article on George Brett was also a recognition of Charlie Lau In these days of declining batting averages, a batting instructor of the caliber of Lau is invaluable to a team. Lau began his coaching career in Baltimore, where he helped the Orioles win the pennant in 1969. He went to Oakland in 1970 with excellent results and then moved to Kansas City That is the Royals' and Brett's good fortune.

RICHARD STUNTZ

Durham, N.C.

FELLOW COSELL

Sir:

I read with great interest your report on Howard Cosell's recent teaching stint at Yale (TV/RADIO, June 21) This was not the first time Cosell participated as a visiting fellow at Silliman College. In May 1969 Cosell spent four days at a series of academic and social functions. These included a debate on the philosophy of sport with the distinguished professor of philosophy, Paul Weiss, as well as a memorable night around the television set watching Bill Russell in the dramatic seventh game of his last NBA championship season. As I remember, Cosell returned his retainer to our college-activity fund. Thanks for reviving some delightful memories.

NEIL J. WILKOF

Conover, Wis.

continued

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OPEN QUESTION

Sir:

The "Open and Shut Case" for Jones (June 14) is not as decisive as Hannigan's article contends. In their respective 11-year periods, Hogan's average finish at the Open was second (2.54), while Jones' was third (3.27). Jones may have been the better golfer, but not on the basis of his Open record.

AARTHUR V. JOHNSON II

Nashua, N.H.

BLYLEVEN

Sir:

As a Minnesota Twins fan, all I can say about Pitcher Bert Blyleven (*The Stuff and No Nonsense*, June 14) is "good riddance to bad rubbish." What more can one say about a man who expresses his "deep regret" over his "hasty and thoughtless" gesture only after realizing a large fine was inevitably heading his way if he had not?

BILL RYSAVY

Owatonna, Minn.

BLOOPS?

Sir:

1) In almost every issue you mention that someone is suffering from *tendinitis*. What's a tendin? I always thought it was a tendon. I realize this is a common misfire, but it is none the less illiterate.

2) June 14 issue, page 72: ". . . she and the other trappers were getting flack. . . ." No way. Ask any old Broadway entertainment-business hand what a *flack* is and what he does. You mean *flak*, which is the German abbreviation for *flugerabwehrkanone*—meaning, originally, bursting anti-aircraft shells.

BARNEY CHILDS

Redlands, Calif.

• On No. 1, Webster prefers "tendinitis." On No. 2, "flak" is right.—ED.

BRAND OLD GAME

Sir:

Eddie Andelman (SCORECARD, June 14) has indeed come up with excellent suggestions for sports-figure brand names ("Put a Bob Locker in your clubhouse," etc.), but I believe that he has missed the most obvious pitch—Al Kaline batteries.

JOHN GOLDSTEIN
Sports Editor
Brighton Blade

Brighton, Colo.

Sir:

Andelman only touched the surface. For instance, the average sports fan would borrow money, when necessary, from Dave Cash Savings and Loan. He'd keep his car filled up with regular stops at Bum Phillips' 66, and go to Gale Goodrich Automotive when the car needed repairs. Our sports fan would get his clothes from Otis Taylor Shops. He could be expected to frequent such fast-food places as Brent's Tasty Musburgers and Harry's Caray-Out Food (the latter of which would no doubt be famous for that delicious dish, Holy Cow!). His sweet tooth doubtless would be satiated by Jabbar's Kareem-filled Sandwiches and Arledge's Lorna Roones. And, of course, when he eventually went to the great domed stadium in the sky, the services would have to be handled by Tom Grieve Funeral Parlors, Inc.

BRYCE WRAY

DeKalb, Texas

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